



ACTION
COMICS

GIANT

50¢

NO. 449

JULY

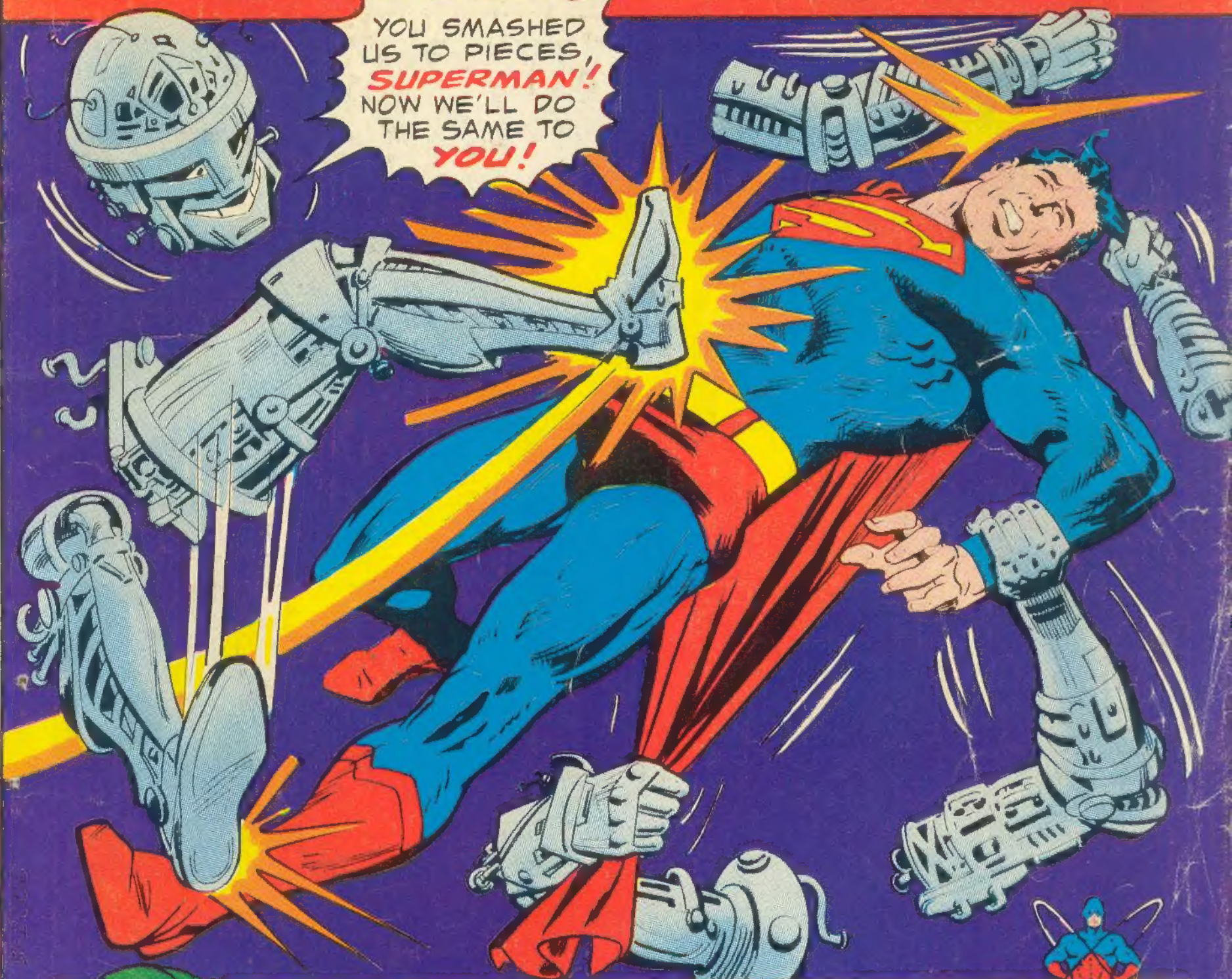
31512

ACTION
COMICS

ACTION COMICS



YOU SMASHED
US TO PIECES,
SUPERMAN!
NOW WE'LL DO
THE SAME TO
YOU!



ALSO--TWO ACTION-PLUS ADVENTURES--
STARRING
THE GOLDEN AGE **GREEN ARROW** AND **THE ATOM!**



A SUPER-LENGTH
THRILLER! THE LATEST
CHAPTER IN THE
AMAZING ADVENTURES OF...

SUPERMAN

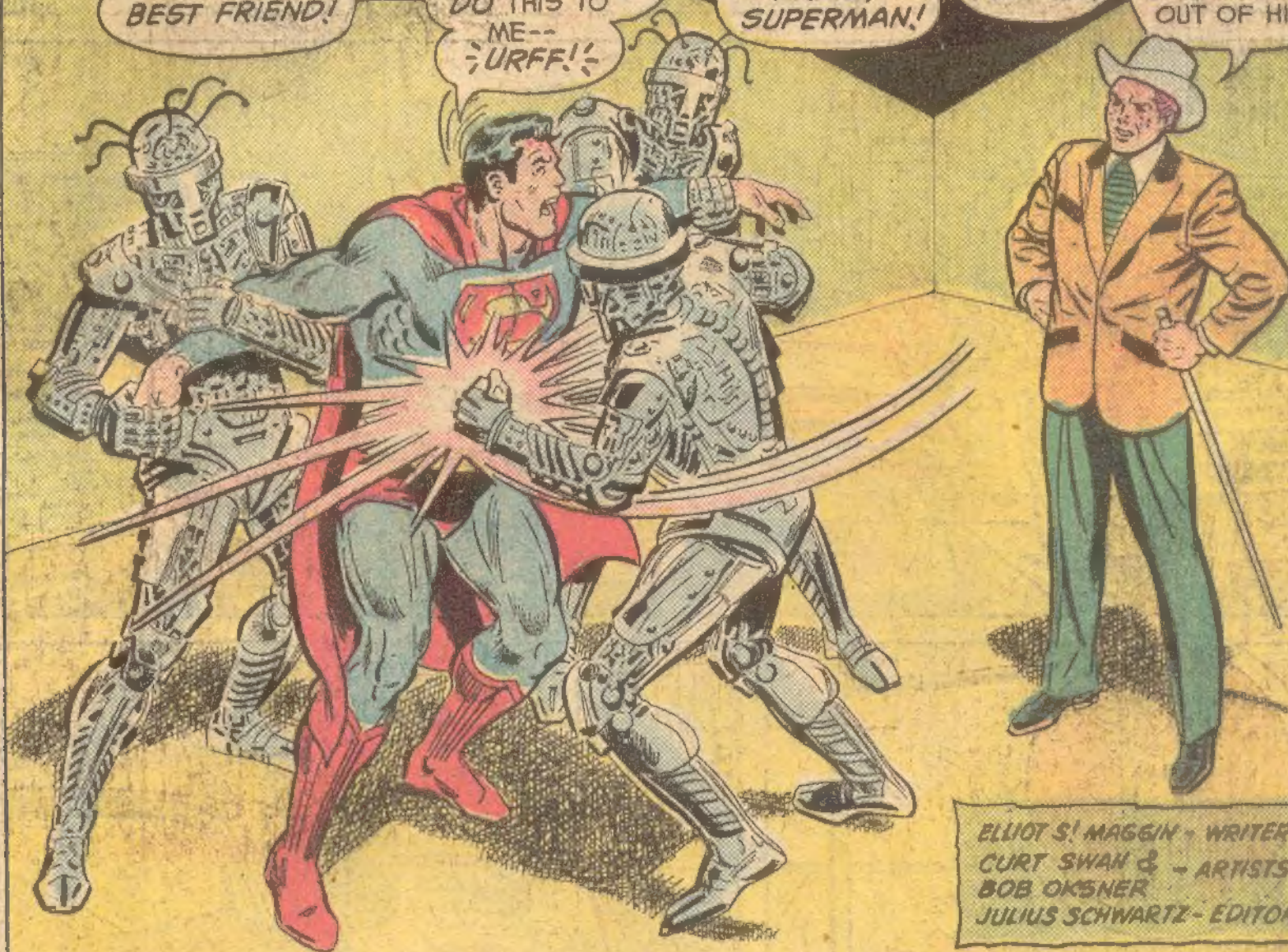
JIMMY--
JIMMY OLSEN!
YOU'RE MY
BEST FRIEND!

HOW CAN YOU
DO THIS TO
ME--
URFF!!

EVERYONE
HAS HIS
PRICE,
SUPERMAN!

HIT
HIM
AGAIN,
ANDROID!

AND KEEP ON
HITTING HIM
TILL YOU KNOCK
THE SUPER-
STUFFING
OUT OF HIM!



ELLIOT S. MAGGIN - WRITER
CURT SWAN & - ARTISTS
BOB OKSNER
JULIUS SCHWARTZ - EDITOR

THERE'S A FOREIGN AGENT AT GALAXY COMMUNICATIONS--
AND SUPERMAN THINKS HE KNOWS WHO IT IS... BUT HIS APPARENT
IDENTITY IS TOO MUCH FOR EVEN A MAN OF STEEL TO FACE--

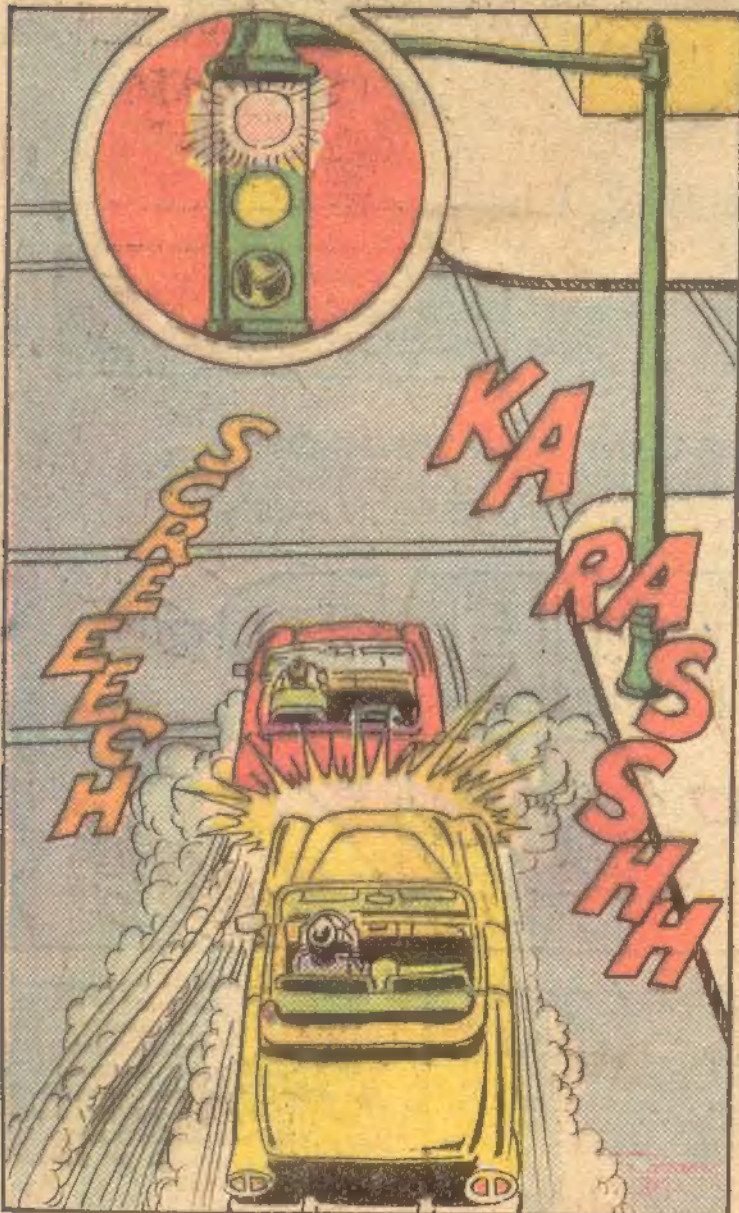
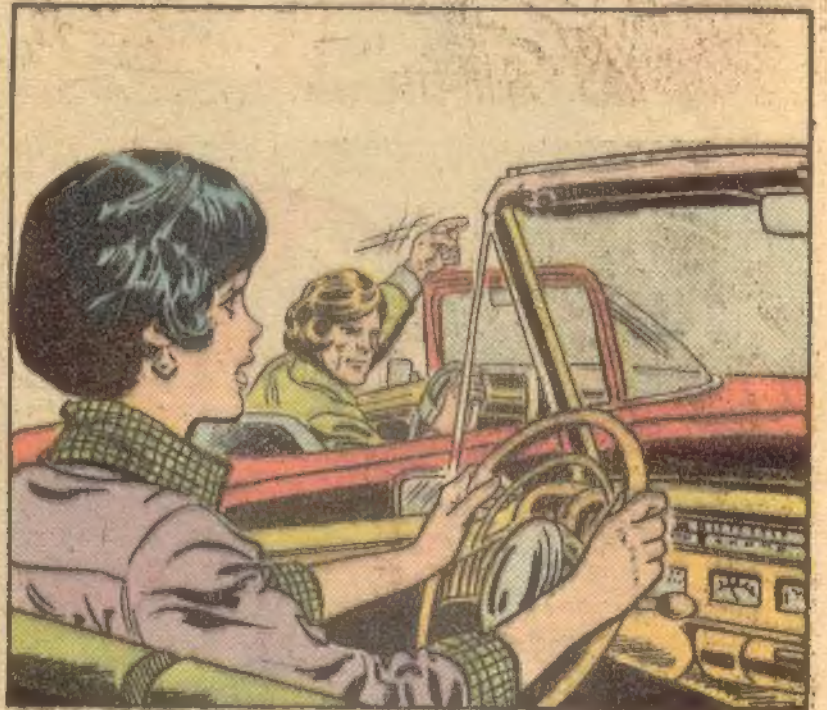
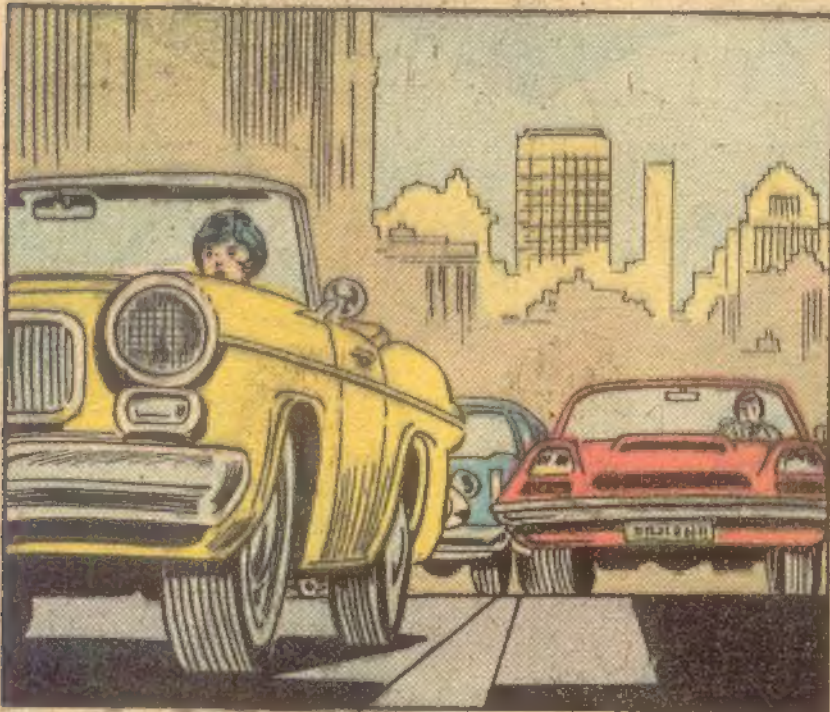
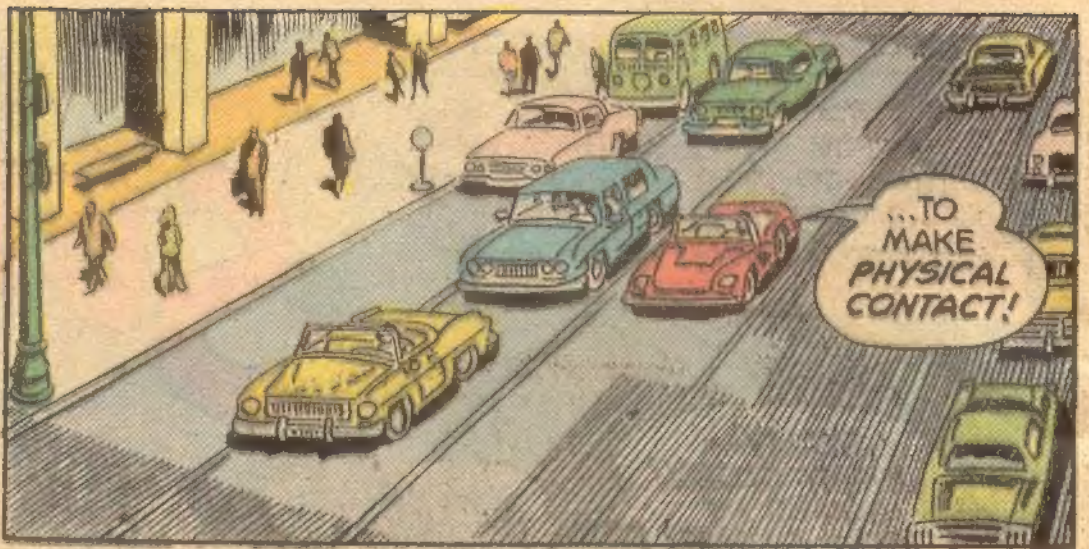
"MY BEST FRIEND-- the SUPER-SPY!"

S-1964

ACTION COMICS, Vol. 38, No. 449, July, 1975. Published monthly by NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. 10019. Carmine Infantino, Publisher. Julius Schwartz, Editor. E. Nelson Bridwell, Associate Editor. Sol Harrison, Vice-President. Jack Adler, Production Manager. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. and additional mailing offices. Advertising Representative, Sanford Schwarz & Co., Inc., 355 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017, (212) 391-1400. Copyright © 1975 by National Periodical Publications, Inc. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, are intended or should be inferred. Printed in U.S.A.

This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition, nor affixed to, nor as part of any advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.: National Periodical Publications, Inc., 155 Allen Blvd., Farmingdale, N. Y. 11735. Rate \$3 in U.S.A. (\$4 elsewhere). Subscription is for consecutive issues totalling \$3.00 of their cover prices.





I'M **TERRIBLY** SORRY FOR RUNNING INTO YOU, SIR--

QUITE ALL RIGHT! CARS CAN BE REPAIRED, MISS... MISS--

--LANE... LOIS LANE!



AND YOU'RE **LANCE HOLLOWAY** --THE **MOVIE STAR!**

GUILTY AS CHARGED, MISS LANE!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE IN METROPOLIS?



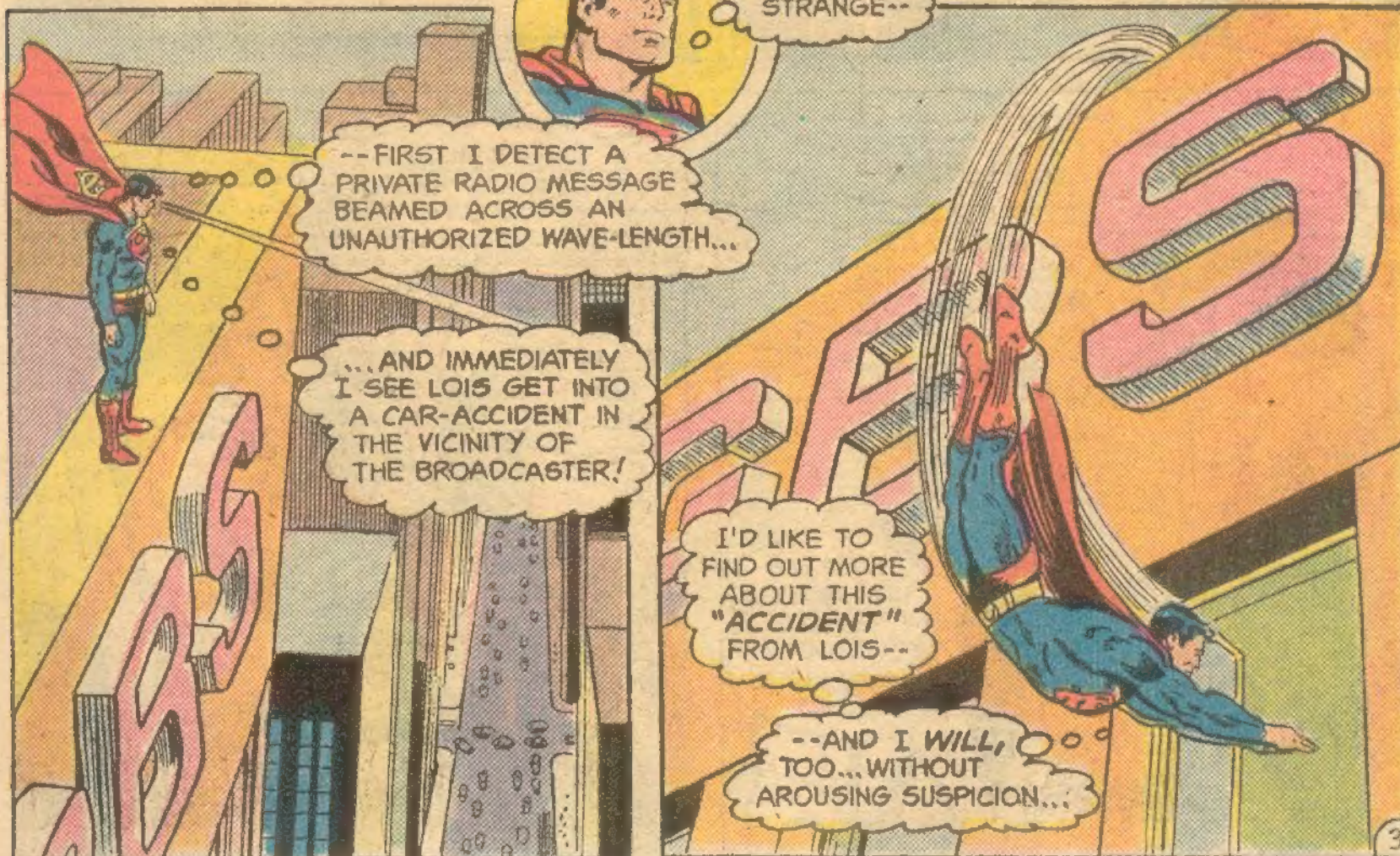
CAN I CONVINCE YOU I CAME HERE FOR NO OTHER REASON THAN TO HAVE AN **ACCIDENT** WITH YOU IN HEAVY TRAFFIC?

THAT WOULD TAKE **SOME** CONVINCING!

HAVE **DINNER** WITH ME AND I'LL MAKE A STAB AT IT!

OH, MR. HOLLOWAY --THANK YOU... BUT I REALLY CAN'T--

STRANGE... VERY STRANGE--

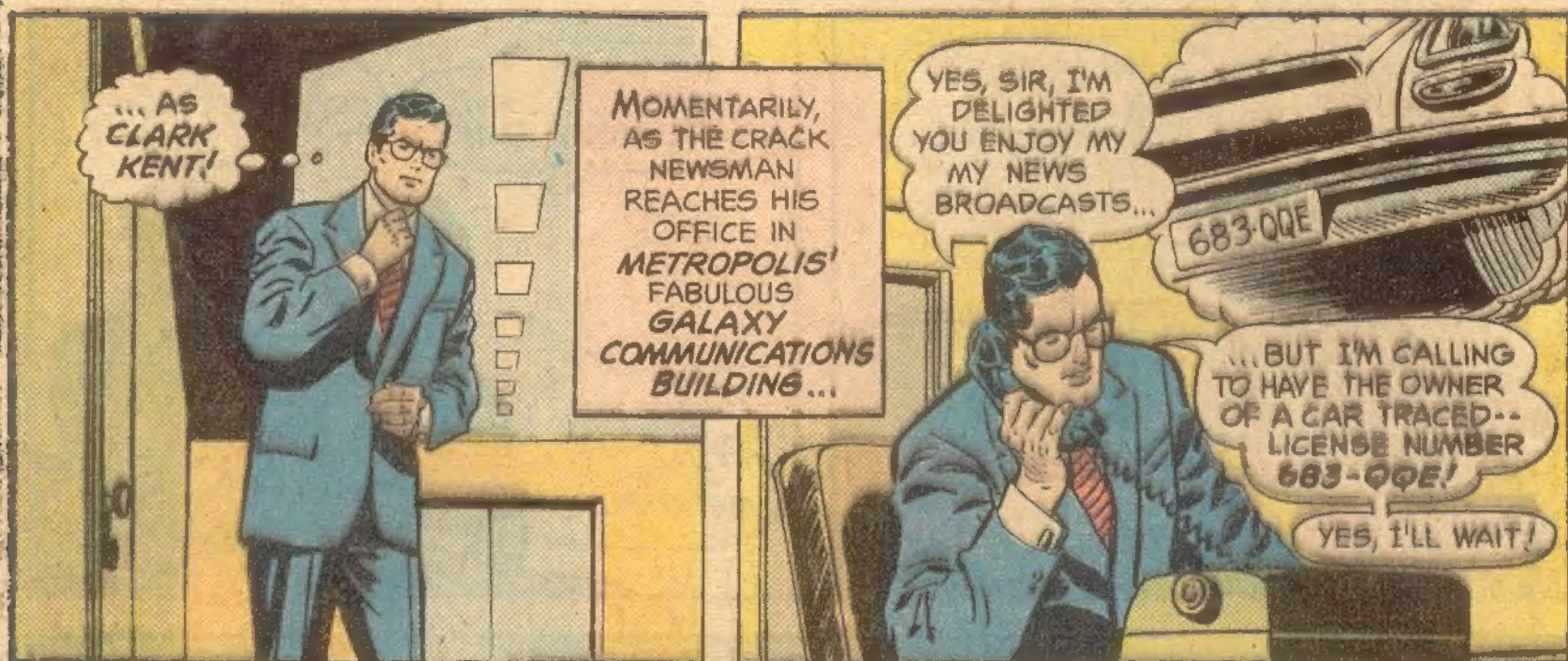


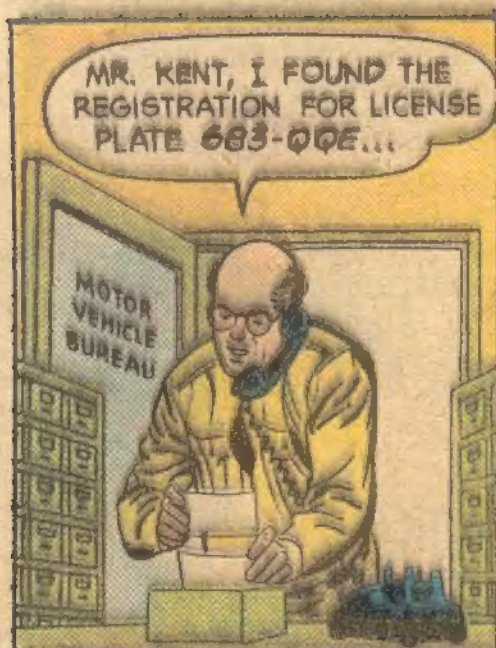
--FIRST I DETECT A PRIVATE RADIO MESSAGE BEAMED ACROSS AN UNAUTHORIZED WAVE-LENGTH...

...AND IMMEDIATELY I SEE LOIS GET INTO A CAR-ACCIDENT IN THE VICINITY OF THE BROADCASTER!

I'D LIKE TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THIS "ACCIDENT" FROM LOIS--

--AND I WILL, TOO... WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICION...





MR. KENT, I FOUND THE REGISTRATION FOR LICENSE PLATE 683-QQE...



...IN THE NAME OF FESTUS CLEAVER, 37 SPRING STREET!

THANK YOU-- YOU'VE BEEN A BIG HELP!

ODD! THAT'S THE SAME NAME JIMMY'S USING AS AN ALIAS!



TELL ME-- WHAT'VE YOU BEEN *DOING* IN THIS DISGUISE?

OH, JUST SNIFFING AROUND THE SEEDY SECTIONS OF TOWN FOR NEWS STORIES!

AS A COVER, I EVEN RENTED A ROOM ON SPRING STREET, WHERE--

HEY--IS THERE SOMETHING *WRONG*, CLARK?



WRONG? NO-- WHAT COULD BE *WRONG*?

WELL, THAT *LOOK* ON YOUR FACE FOR A MOMENT--

--JUST YOUR IMAGINATION!

COME ON, I'LL TREAT YOU TO LUNCH AS YOU TELL ME WHAT "*FESTUS*" IS UP TO!



AS THE ENTHUSIASTIC JIMMY EXPLAINS HIS DISGUISE-PROJECT TO A CLARK JUST BEGINNING TO FIND ENDS TO TIE TOGETHER...

WELL, I'VE BEEN MOSTLY HANGING OUT AT POOL HALLS, WHERE--

THAT ULTRASONIC WHINE! I'VE HEARD IT *BEFORE*!

IT'S THE *FEEDBACK* THAT'S HEARD OVER THE TELEPHONE JUST PRIOR TO--



SARAAXX

--A *SHORT-CIRCUIT*!

KEEP CALM, CLARK! I'LL-- *URFF!*

JIMMY WILL THINK I'M PUSHING HIM TO SAFETY BY BEING *CLUMSY*, WHICH IS *FINE* WITH ME!

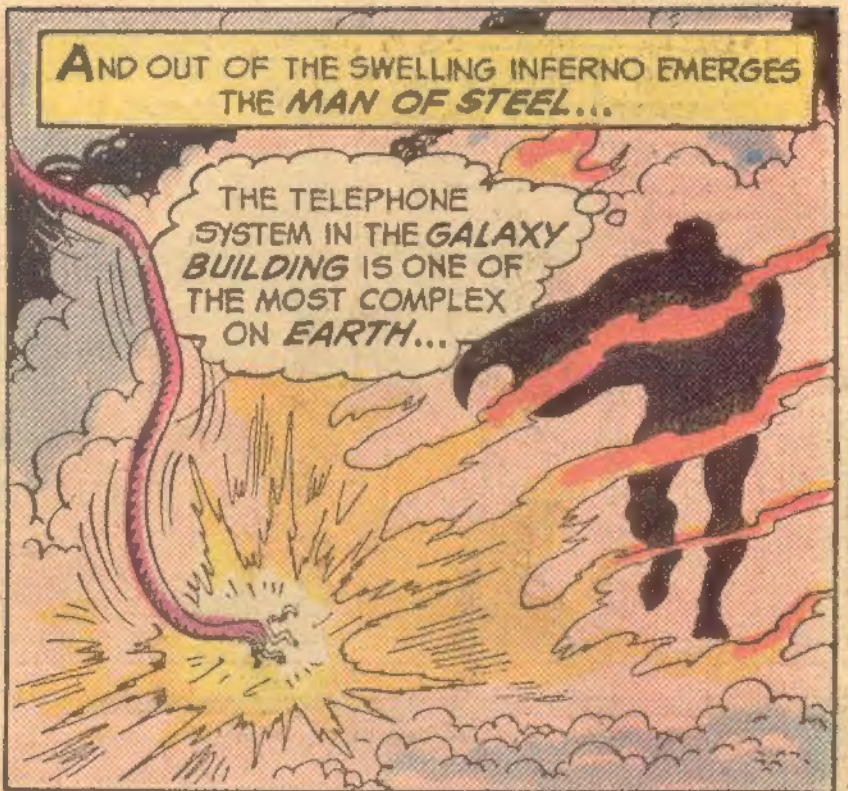
JUST IN TIME, TOO--
BECAUSE IN THE NEXT
SECOND-AND-A-HALF,
THE ENTIRE CORRIDOR
OF THE 20TH FLOOR...

...IS ENGULFED
IN A RAGING
ELECTRICAL FIRE!



AND OUT OF THE SWELLING INFERNO EMERGES
THE MAN OF STEEL...

THE TELEPHONE
SYSTEM IN THE GALAXY
BUILDING IS ONE OF
THE MOST COMPLEX
ON EARTH...



...AND NOTHING
BUT AN OUTRAGEOUS
OVERLOAD OR
DELIBERATE **SABOTAGE**
COULD MAKE IT
BEHAVE LIKE **THIS!**



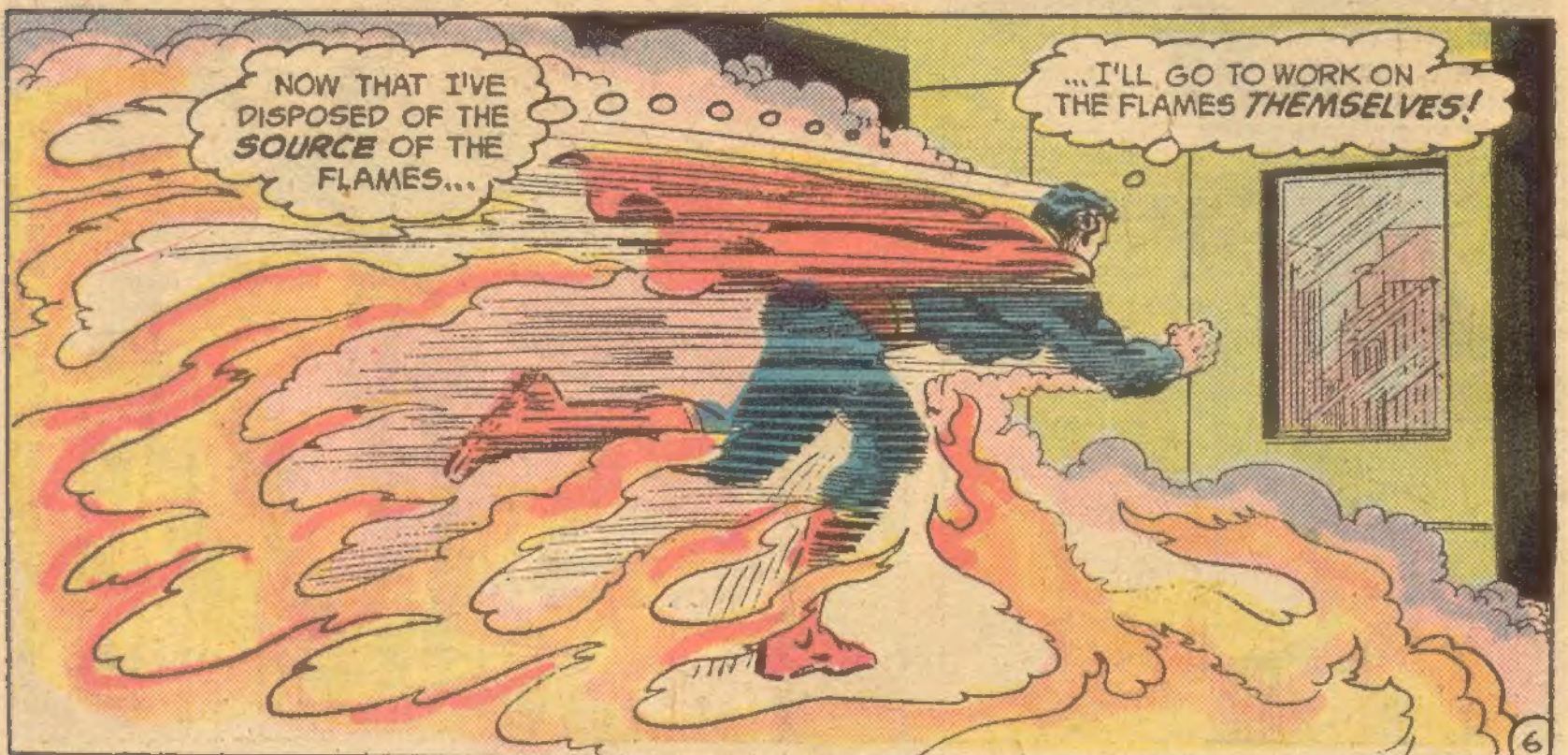
LONG AS I CAN
COUNT ON THE
FIRE'S NOT
SPREADING
FOR A
MOMENT...

...I'LL PUT A
KNOT IN THIS
RUBBER
INSULATION
I'VE PULLED
BACK OVER
THE CABLE'S
SPARKING
WIRES!



NOW THAT I'VE
DISPOSED OF THE
SOURCE OF THE
FLAMES...

...I'LL GO TO WORK ON
THE FLAMES **THEMSELVES!**



MEANWHILE, UNDER THE COVER PROVIDED BY THE CONFUSION...

A PERFECT OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE THIS GALAXY EMPLOYEE...

...ONE OF OUR CAPTIVE VICTIMS!



AND WHILE WE'RE WASHING HIS BRAIN CLEAN--

--MIGHT AS WELL DO THE SAME FOR THESE FILES!

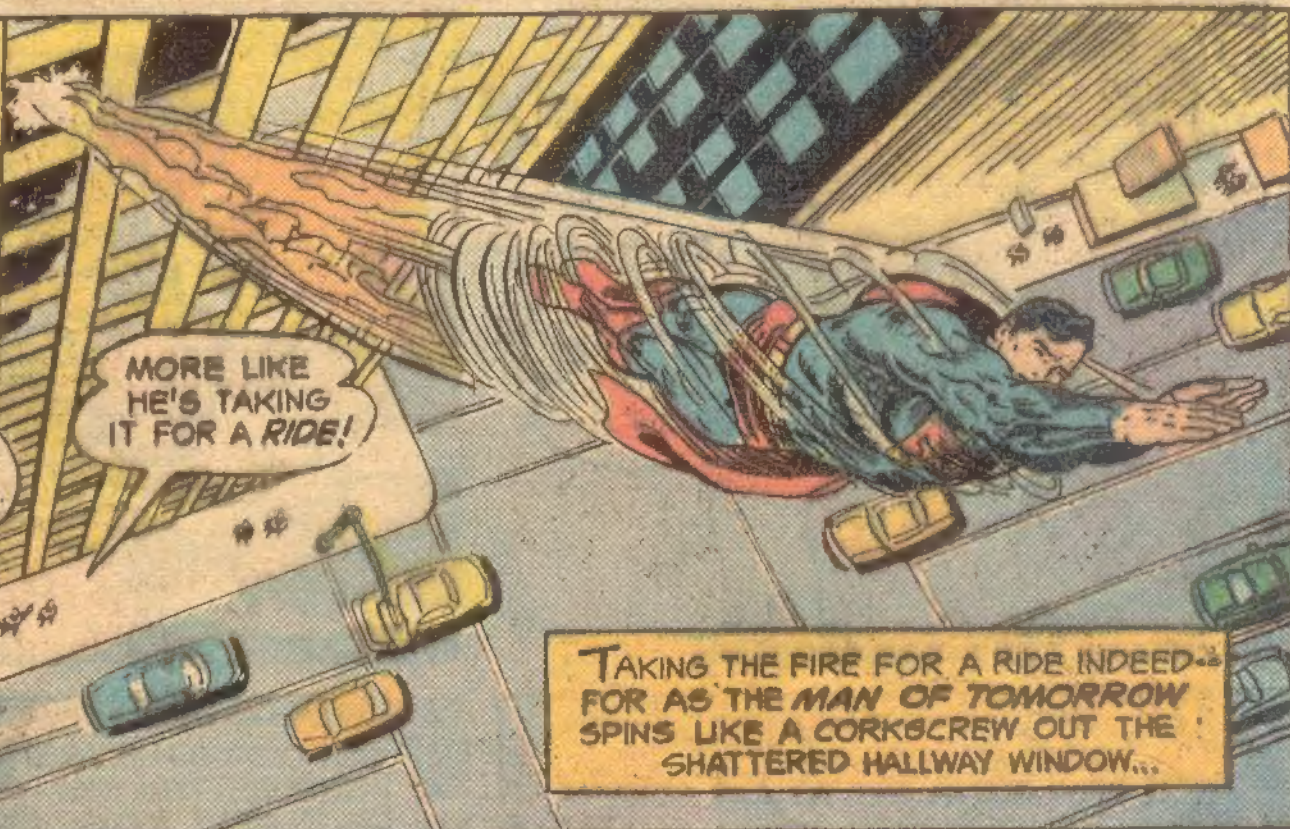


WONDER FOR A MOMENT AT THE POSSIBILITY THAT JIMMY OLSEN--USING HIS RENOWNED SKILLS OF DISGUISE--MAY BE EMPLOYED FOR SOME SINISTER PURPOSE AS A SPY ON GALAXY COMMUNICATIONS...

...BUT DON'T WONDER TOO LONG-- BECAUSE THERE'S A SUPERMAN AT WORK...

LOOK! SUPERMAN'S DOUSING A FIRE WHERE NO HOOK AND LADDER COULD REACH!

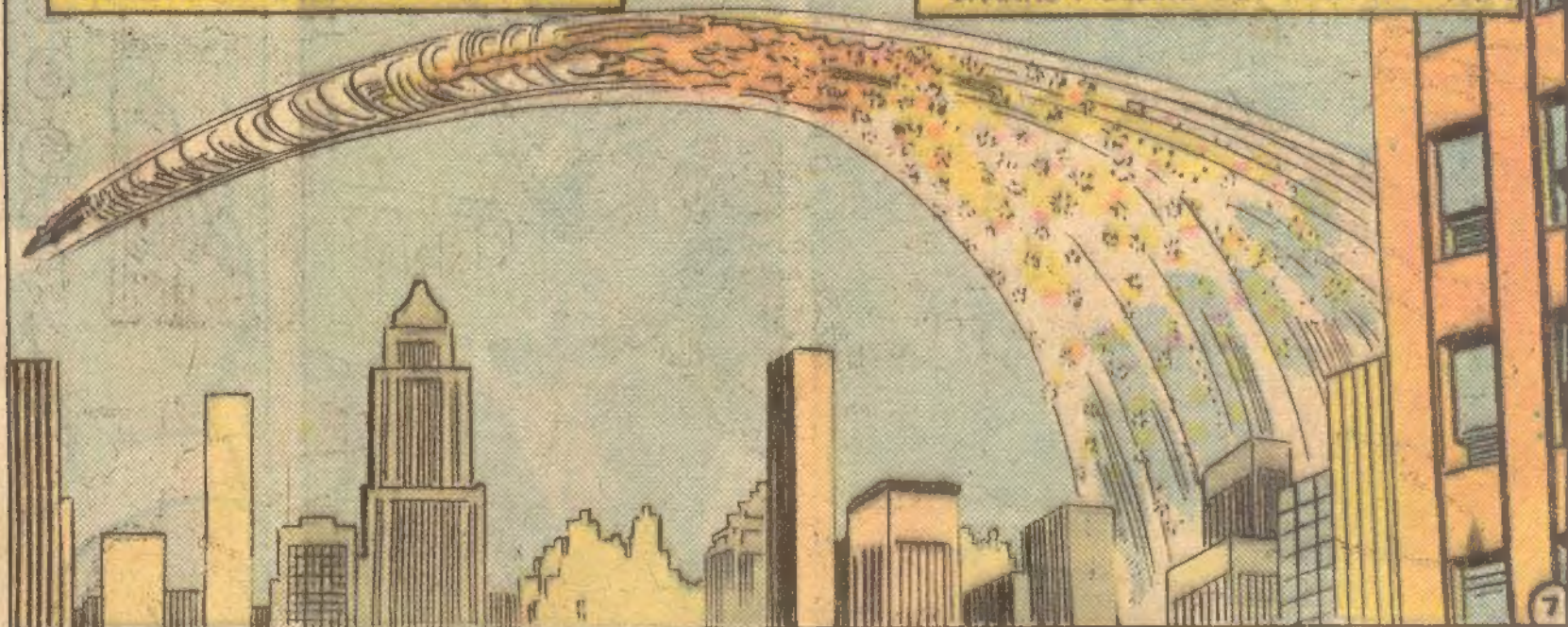
MORE LIKE HE'S TAKING IT FOR A RIDE!

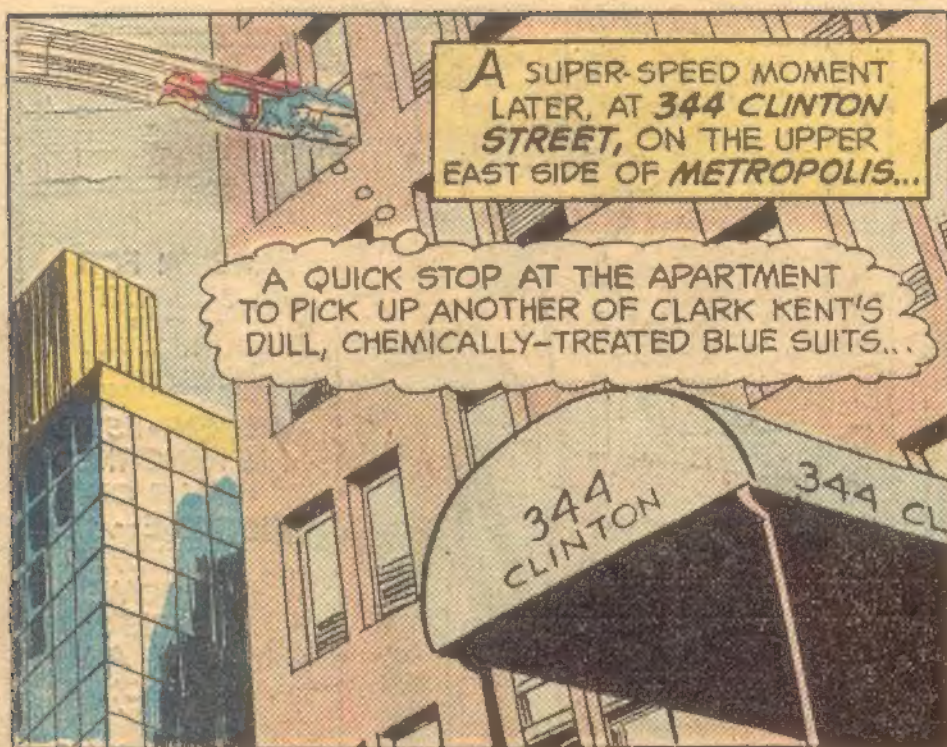


TAKING THE FIRE FOR A RIDE INDEED-- FOR AS THE MAN OF TOMORROW SPINS LIKE A CORKSCREW OUT THE SHATTERED HALLWAY WINDOW...

...THE PILLAR OF FLAME SUCKED INTO HIS WAKE IS LEFT WITH NOTHING TO BURN BUT AIR...

AND THE INCANDESCENT RAINBOW IS DROPPED IN TINY, HARMLESS SPARKS FIZZLING OUT OVER THE CITY...





A SUPER-SPEED MOMENT
LATER, AT 344 CLINTON
STREET, ON THE UPPER
EAST SIDE OF METROPOLIS...

A QUICK STOP AT THE APARTMENT
TO PICK UP ANOTHER OF CLARK KENT'S
DULL, CHEMICALLY-TREATED BLUE SUITS...



THE CLOTHES I WORE WON'T
BE COMPLETELY FREE OF
SINGES FROM A FIRE THAT
INTENSE--AND I'LL HAVE NO
EXCUSE FOR SURVIVING IT!

CLARK WILL BE
BACK BEFORE
ANYONE KNOWS
HE'S GONE!



AND AT GALAXY, THAT VERY MOMENT...

WHERE'S
THAT
COUGH
IDIOT, KENT?

A FLASH-
FIRE IN THE
COUGH
CORRIDOR--



--WHERE HIS OFFICE IS AND
COUGH HE ISN'T EVEN THERE
TO COVER
THE
STORY!

YES,
SIR,
COUGH
MR. EDGE!

MAKE
WAY--!



OUTA MY
WAY! GOTTA GET TO
THE BASEMENT!

MISS
CONWAY
COUGH
MAKE A
NOTE...



OUR CUSTODIANS ARE
REQUIRED, FROM NOW
ON, TO WEAR MORE
CONSERVATIVE
CLOTHING...

...SO AS NOT
TO CLASH
WITH THE
BUILDING'S
DECOR!

8
7
6
5
4
3
2
1
8

BUT BEFORE THE COBRA-SMILING, MEMO-SLINGING PRESIDENT OF GALAXY COMMUNICATIONS CAN REACH CLARK KENT'S OFFICE...

♪♪♪
IF I WERE
A BELL, I'D
BE RINGING...
♪♪♪

HI, MR. EDGE...
LAURA! GREAT
DAY FOR A
FIRE!

LOIS LANE!
HAVE YOU
GONE NUTS?

I'M NOT
NUTS,
MR. EDGE
... I'M
BEAUTIFUL!

KISSING
ME?!

MISS CONWAY
... MAKE A
NOTE! NO
MORE KISSING
IN THE
HALLWAYS!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER
WITH THIS
GIRL,
LOMBARD?

TELL HIM,
STEVE!

I DUNNO--SHE
SAYS SHE
ACCIDENTALLY
RAMMED INTO
A CAR DRIVEN
BY LANCE
HOLLOWAY, THE
BIG MOVIE STAR...

♪♪♪
I FEEL
PRETTY,
OH, SO
PRETTY...
♪♪♪

...AND HE TOLD
HER SHE WAS
BEAUTIFUL--
HAD GREAT
EYES!

DON'T YOU THINK
I HAVE FABULOUS
EYES, MR. EDGE?

CLARK KENT

SOME
CRAZY
WILDLIFE
YOU RUN
INTO IN
THESE
HALLS!

ALL I
WANT
TO DO
IS
FIND
KENT...

...AND
GET HIM
TO WHIP
UP A
STORY
ON THE
FIRE
THAT--

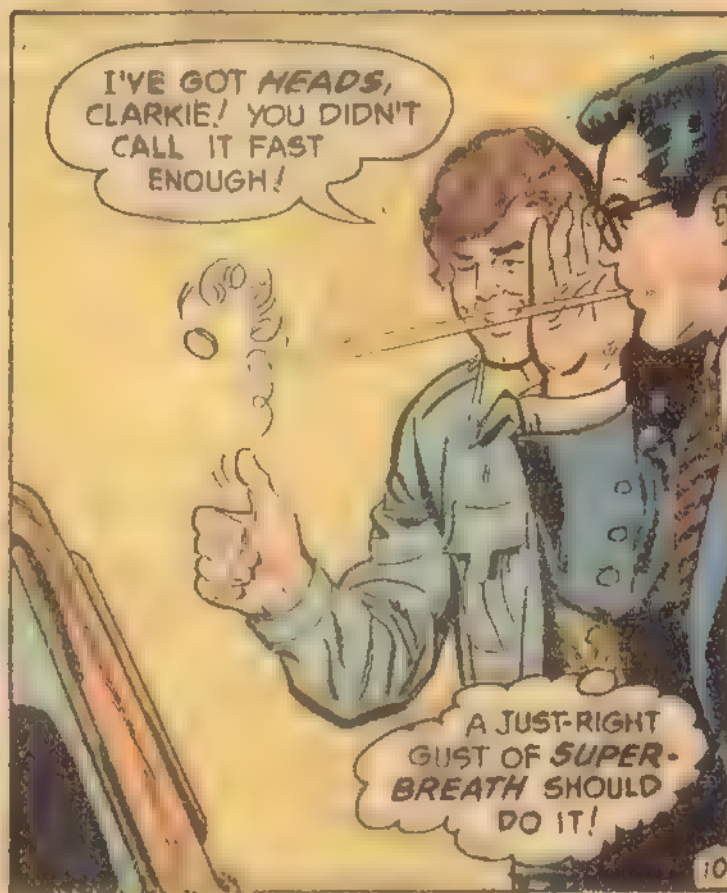
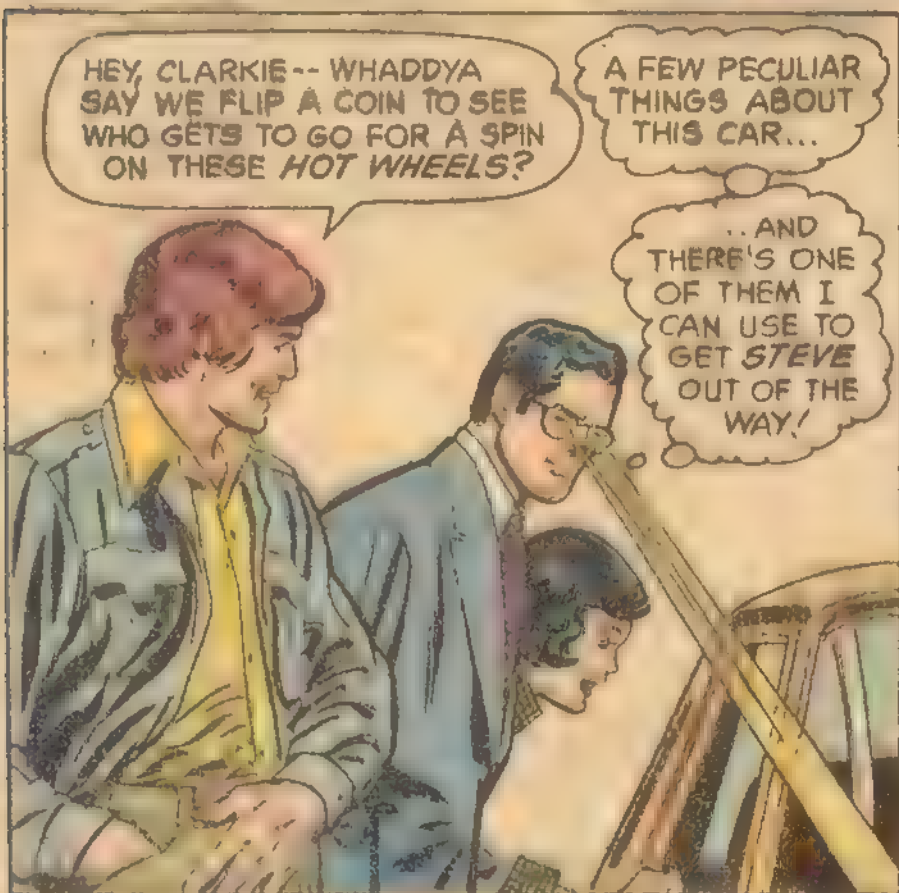
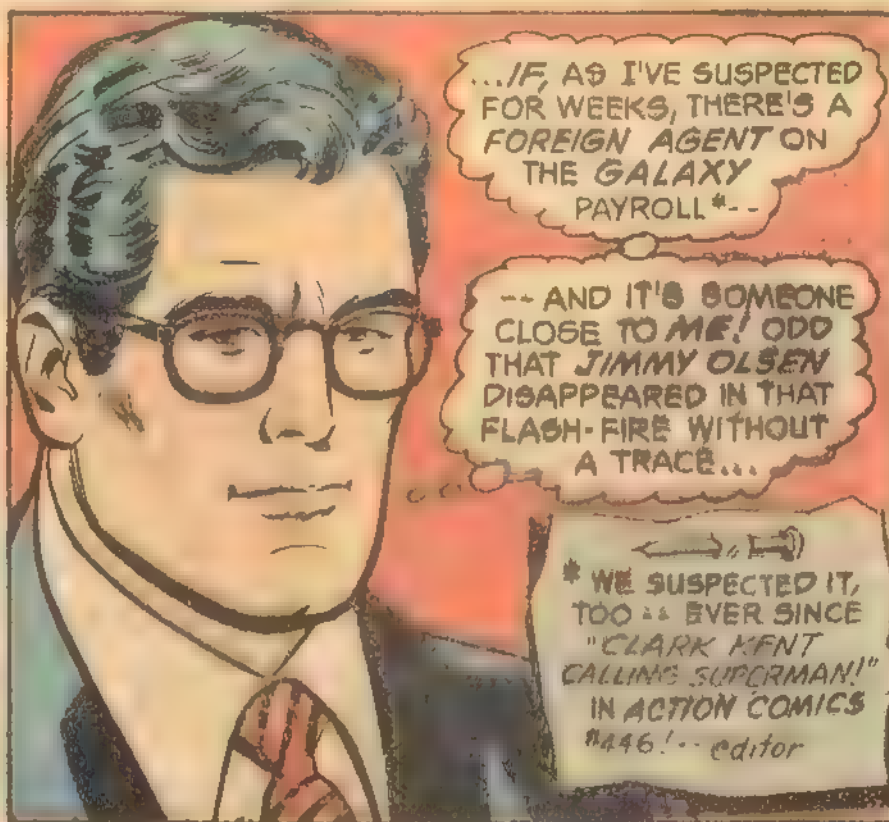
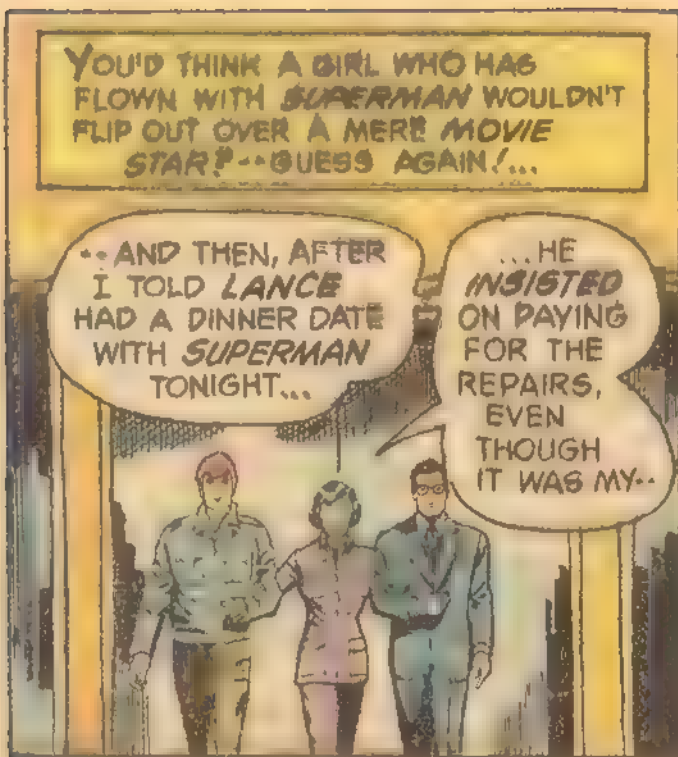
HI, CLARK--
DO YOU
LIKE MY
EYES?

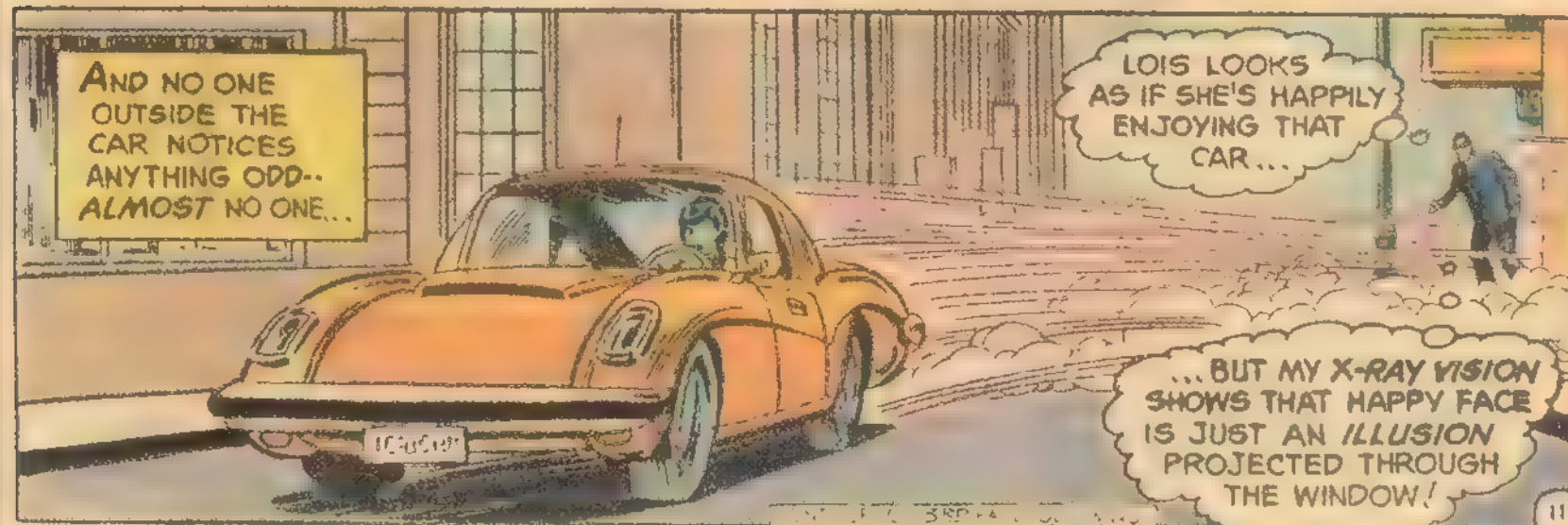
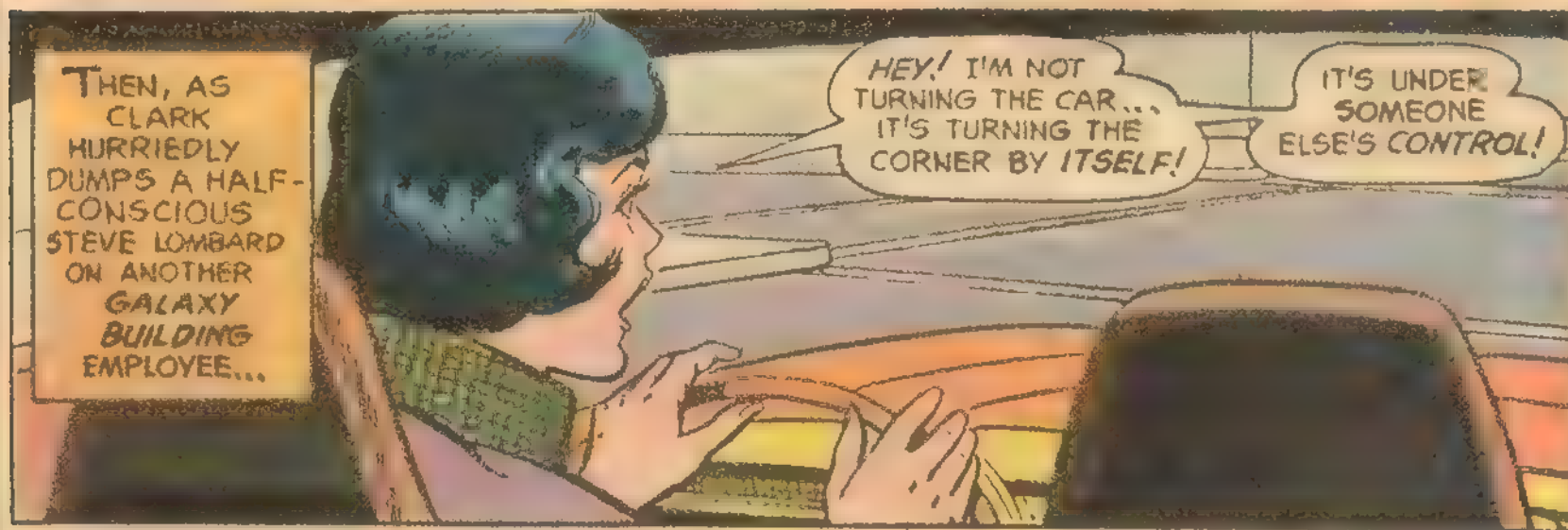
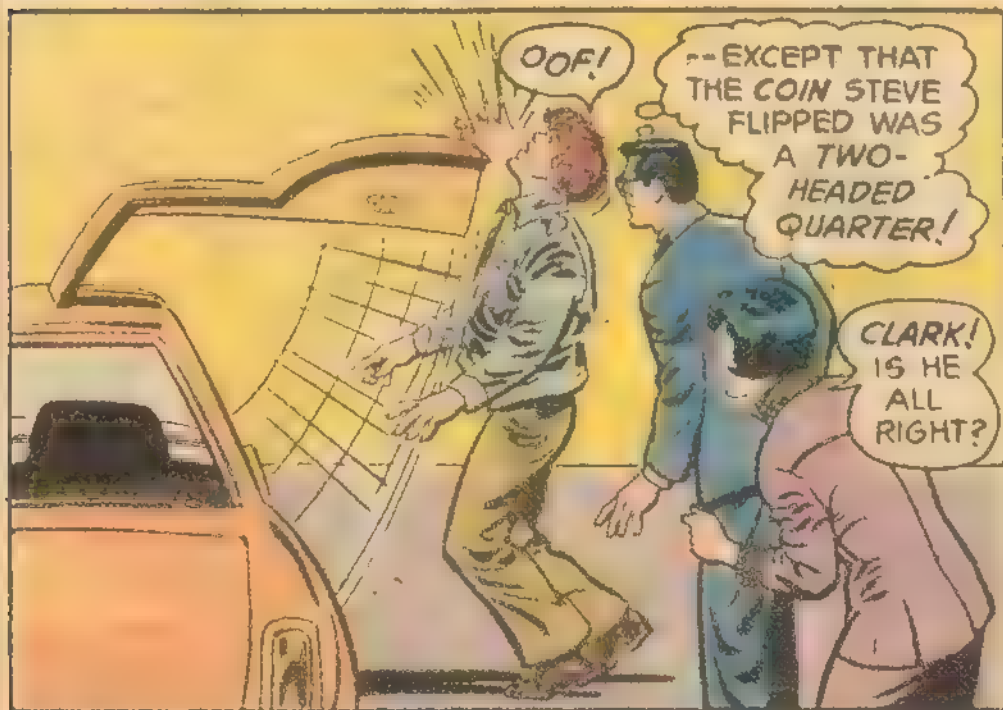
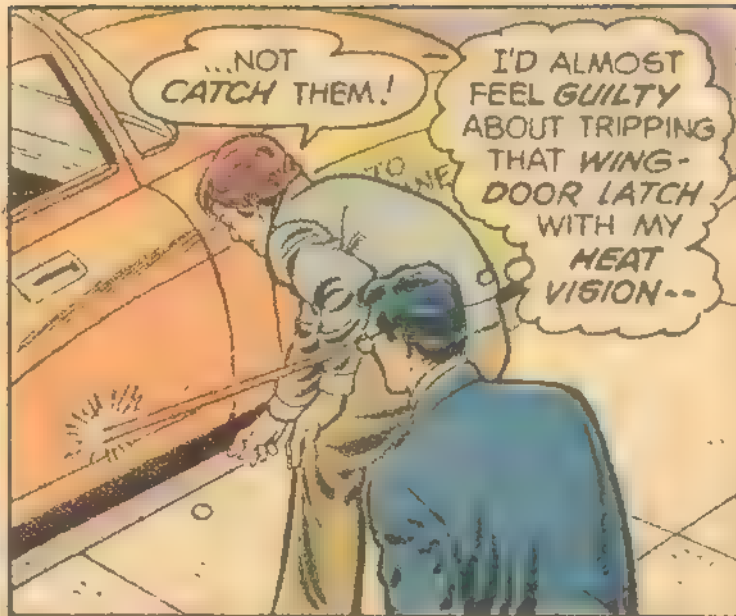
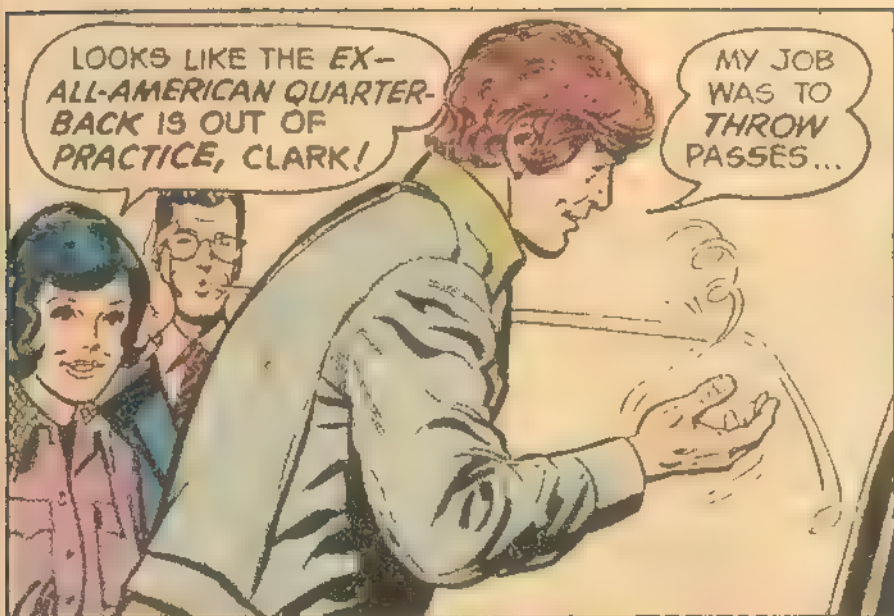
THEY'RE
REGULAR
LIMPID POOLS,
LOIS! BUT
WHY THE
HUBBUB...?

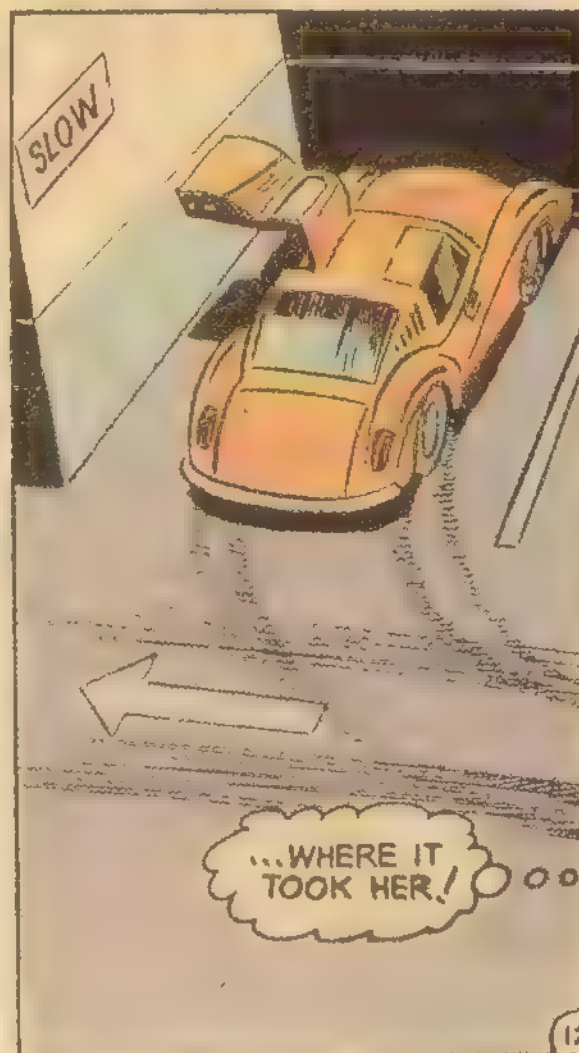
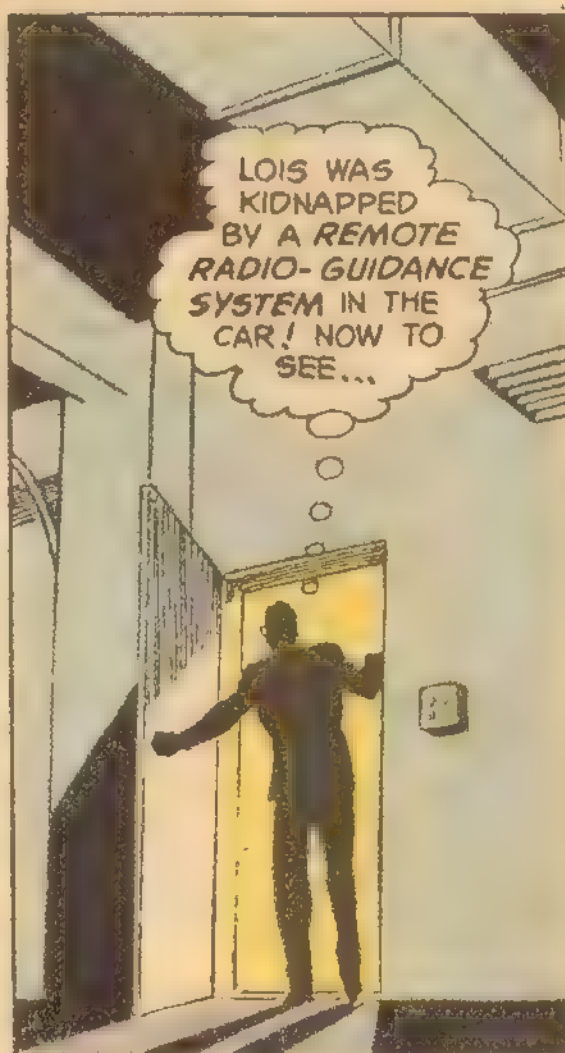
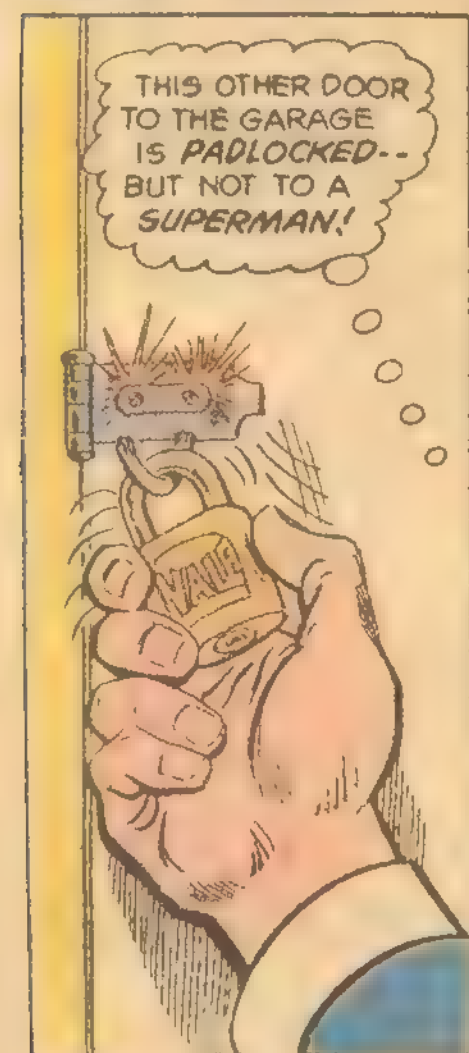
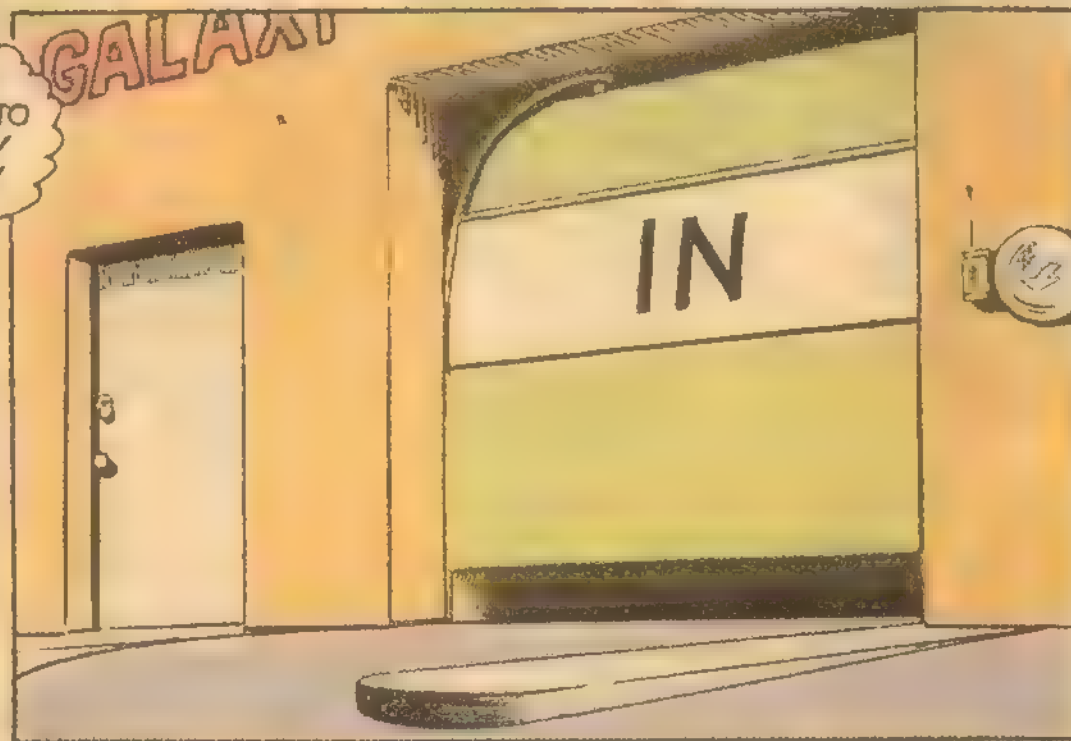
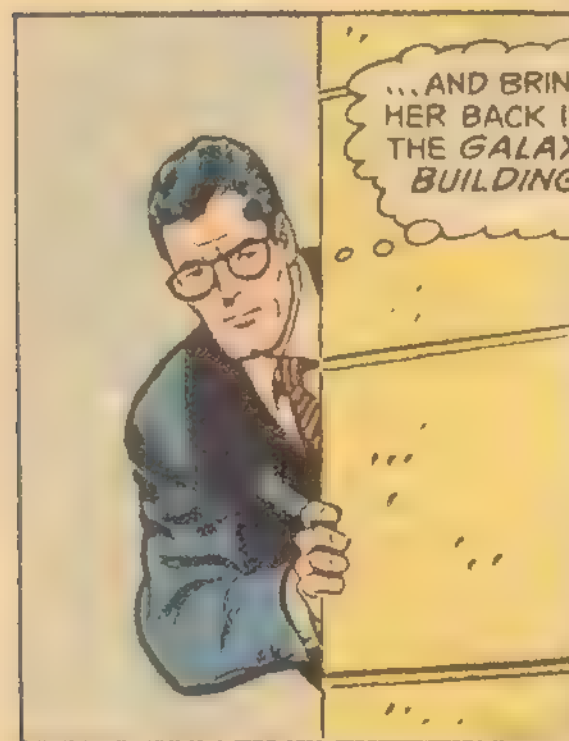
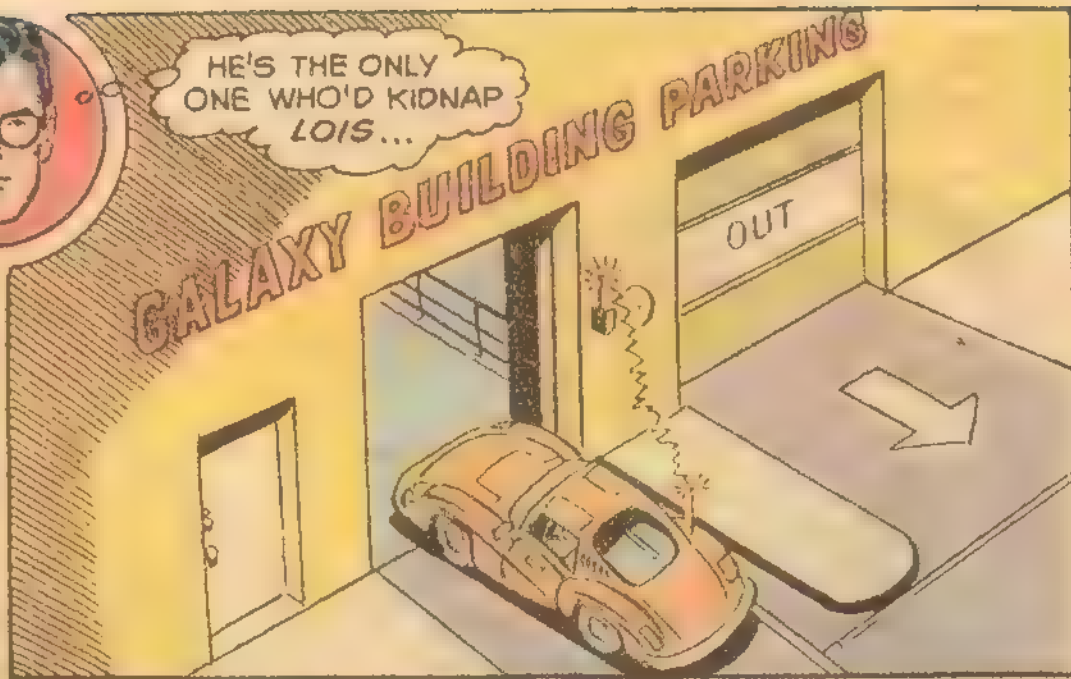
...CAN'T
I FINISH
MY WRITEUP
OF THE
FIRE IN
PEACE?

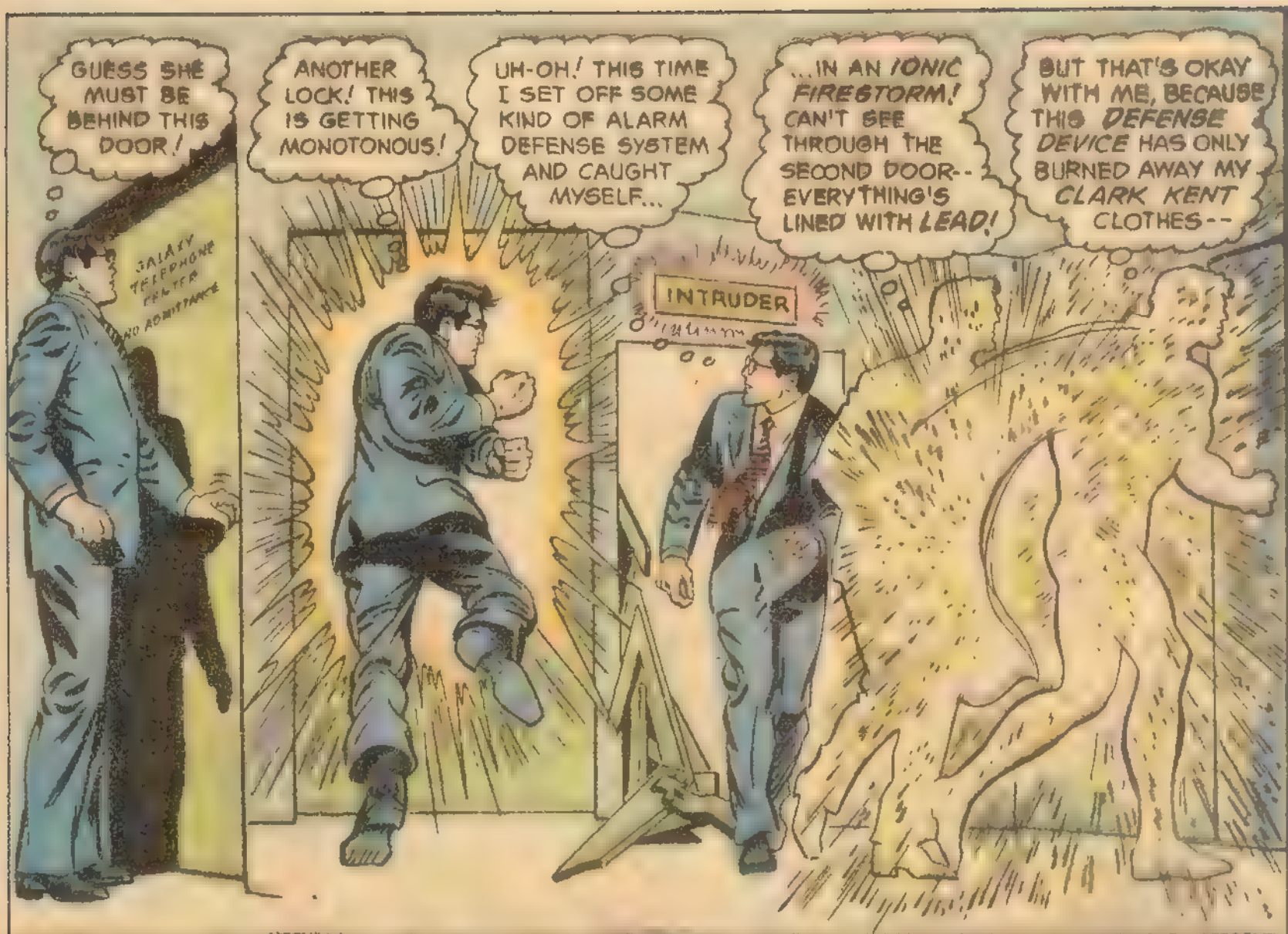
NO CHANCE,
CLARK--
I'M BUYING
YOU AND
STEVE
LUNCH!

I'VE GOT
LOONIES
WORKING
FOR ME--
SHOULD HAVE
LISTENED TO
MOTHER AND
BECOME A
DOC-
TOR!









GUESS SHE MUST BE BEHIND THIS DOOR!

ANOTHER LOCK! THIS IS GETTING MONOTONOUS!

UH-OH! THIS TIME I SET OFF SOME KIND OF ALARM DEFENSE SYSTEM AND CAUGHT MYSELF...

...IN AN IONIC FIRESTORM! CAN'T SEE THROUGH THE SECOND DOOR-- EVERYTHING'S LINED WITH LEAD!

BUT THAT'S OKAY WITH ME, BECAUSE THIS DEFENSE DEVICE HAS ONLY BURNED AWAY MY CLARK KENT CLOTHES--



--AND BROUGHT OUT THE SUPERMAN UNDERNEATH!

GOOD THING TOO! I WAS SO WORRIED ABOUT LOIS I TOOK NO TIME TO SWITCH IDENTITIES!

KR-RAAACKK

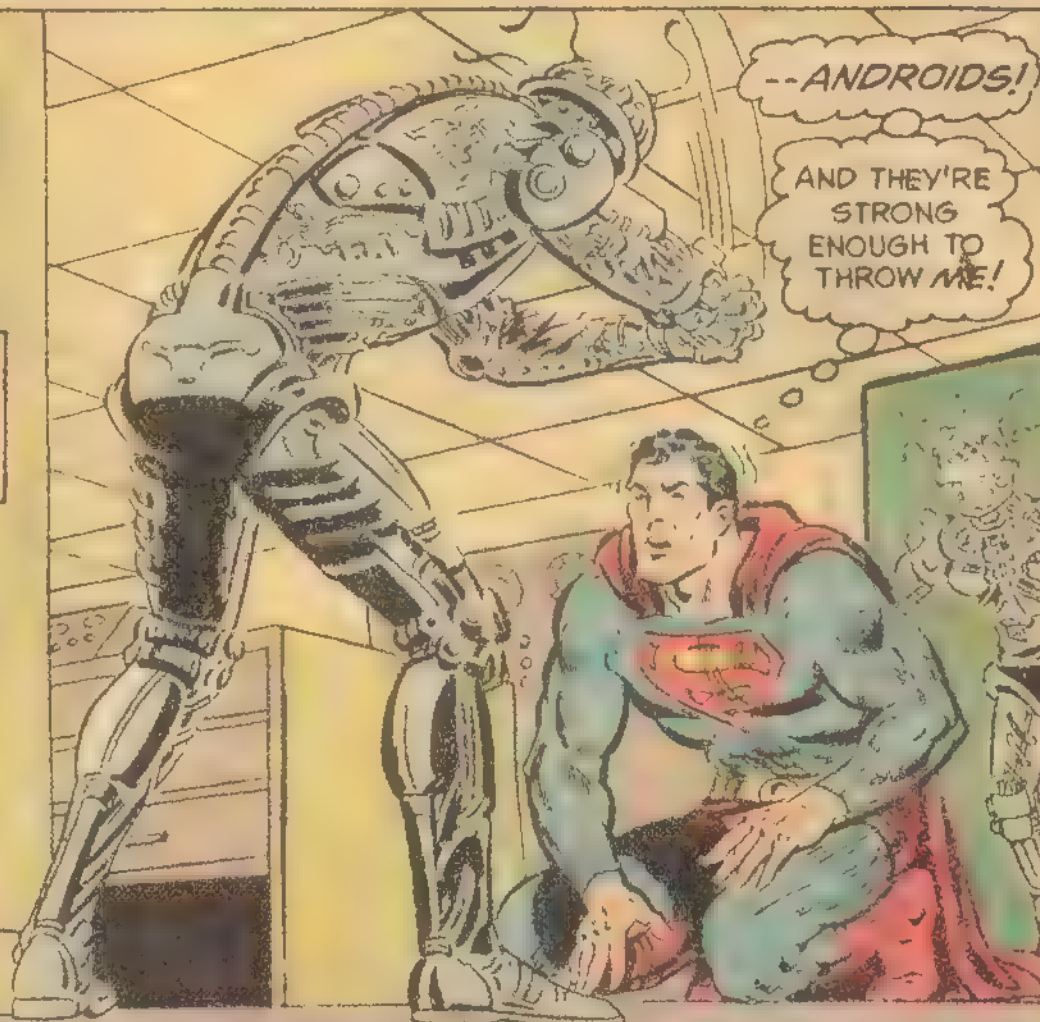
BUT BEFORE
THE MAN OF
TOMORROW
HAS A CHANCE
TO SEE WHAT
KIND OF A
ROOM HE HAS
ENTERED...



IT IS THE GALAXY
BUILDING TELEPHONE
COMPLEX THAT
SUPERMAN HAS
BROKEN INTO...

...TO FIND THE INTERNAL
COMMUNICATIONS NETWORK
OF GALAXY COMMUNICATIONS
UNDER THE STEWARDSHIP OF--

C2



--ANDROIDS!

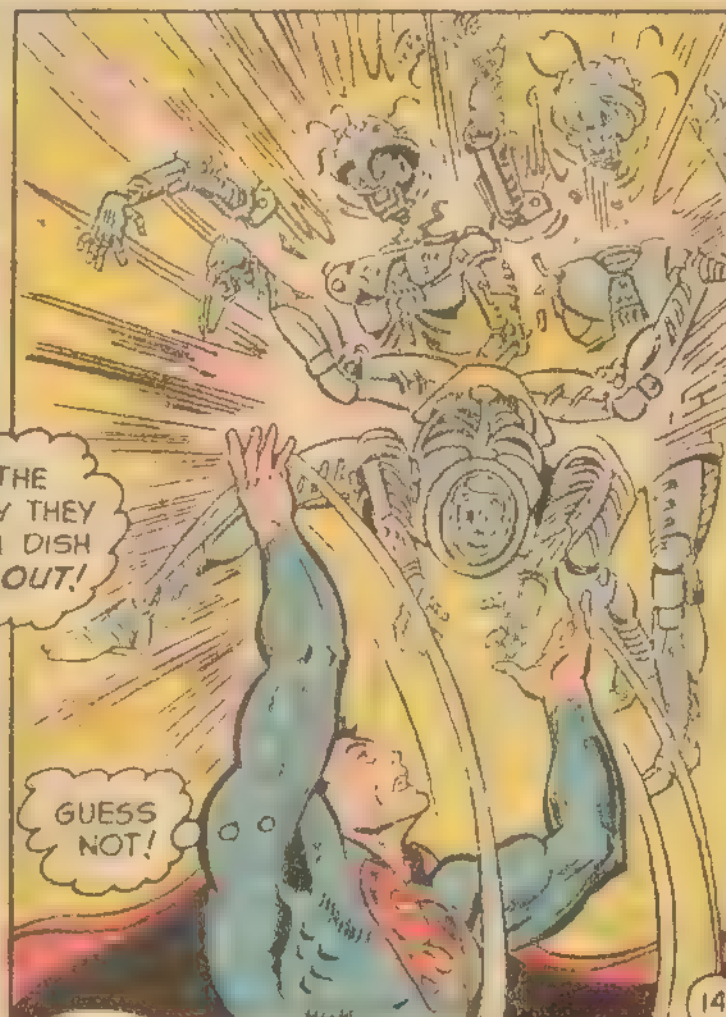
AND THEY'RE
STRONG
ENOUGH TO
THROW ME!

BUT LET'S SEE IF
THEY CAN TAKE IT--



--THE
WAY THEY
CAN DISH
IT OUT!

GUESS
NOT!



AND AS THE HUMANOID MACHINES DESTROY PART OF THE BUILDING COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM ALONG WITH THEMSELVES...



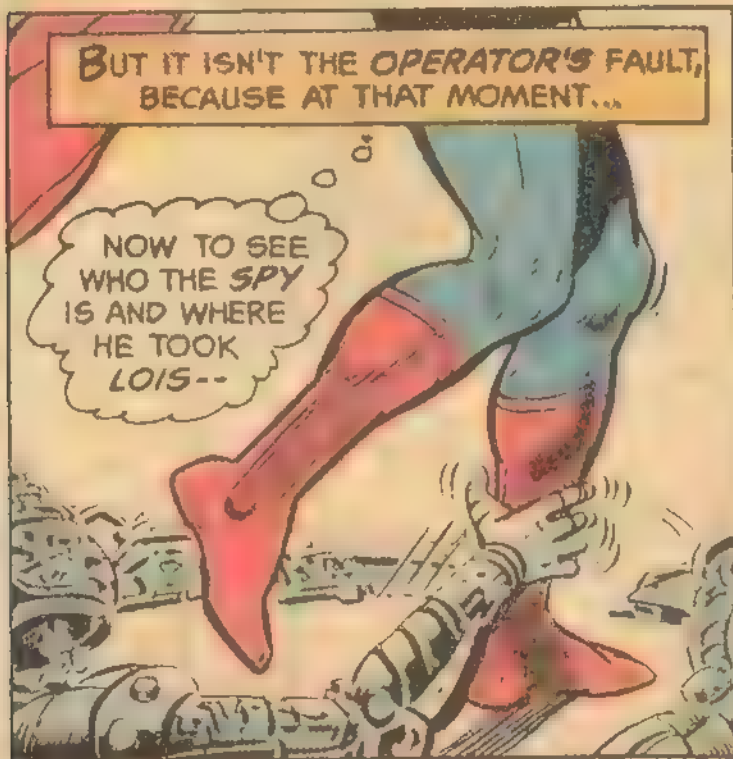
...SO IF YOU AGREE TO SPONSOR OUR VENEZUELAN OPERATIONS, I'LL--HELLO?

HELLO!-- OPERATOR! IS ANYONE THERE?!

TALKING TO THE PRESIDENT OF FREAKING NATIONAL OIL AND THE LINE GOES DEAD!

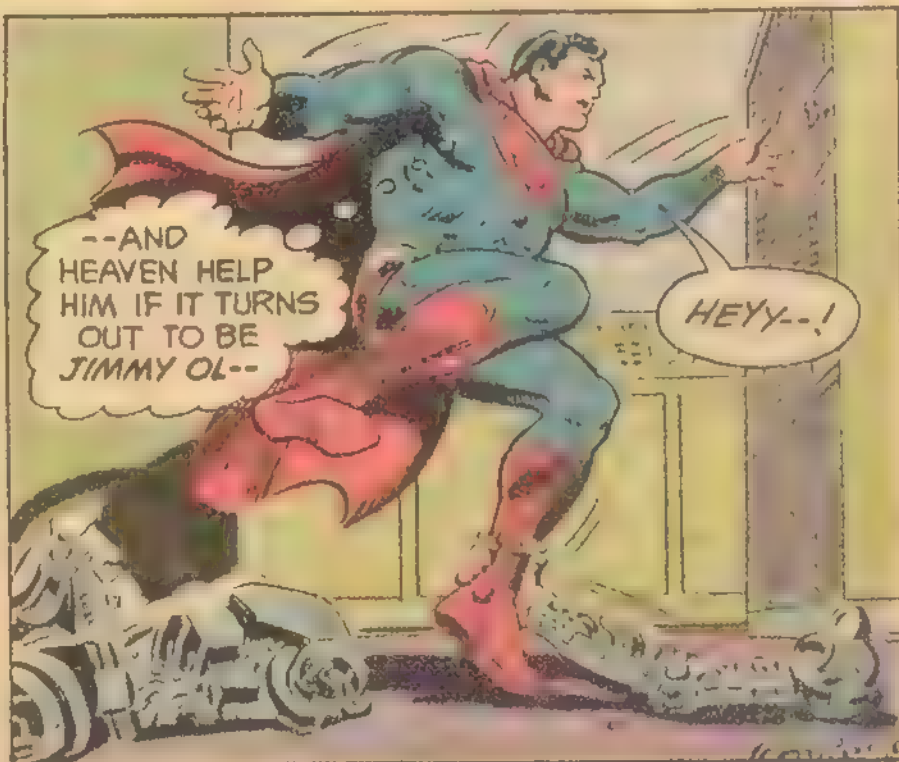
BUT IT ISN'T THE OPERATOR'S FAULT, BECAUSE AT THAT MOMENT...

NOW TO SEE WHO THE SPY IS AND WHERE HE TOOK LOIS--

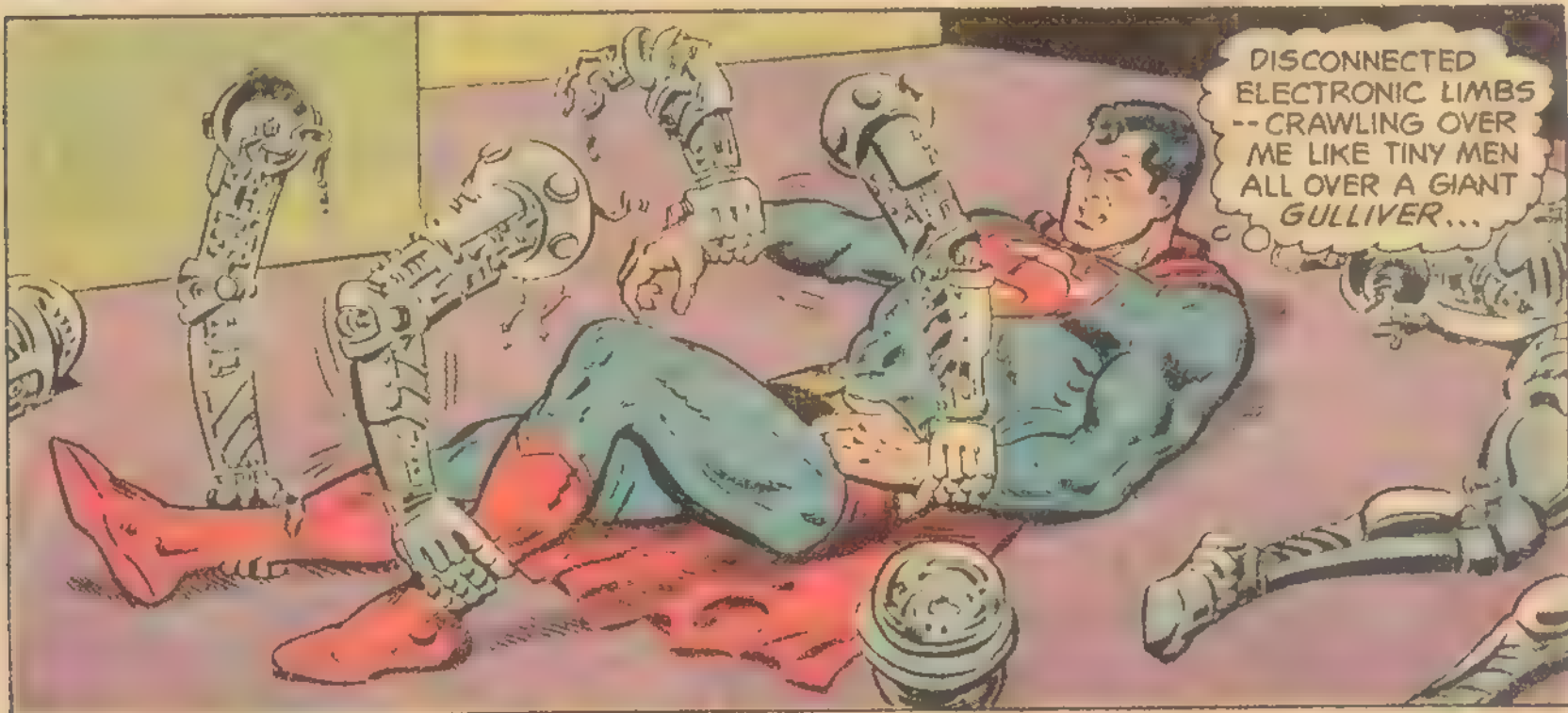


--AND HEAVEN HELP HIM IF IT TURNS OUT TO BE JIMMY OL--

HEY--!



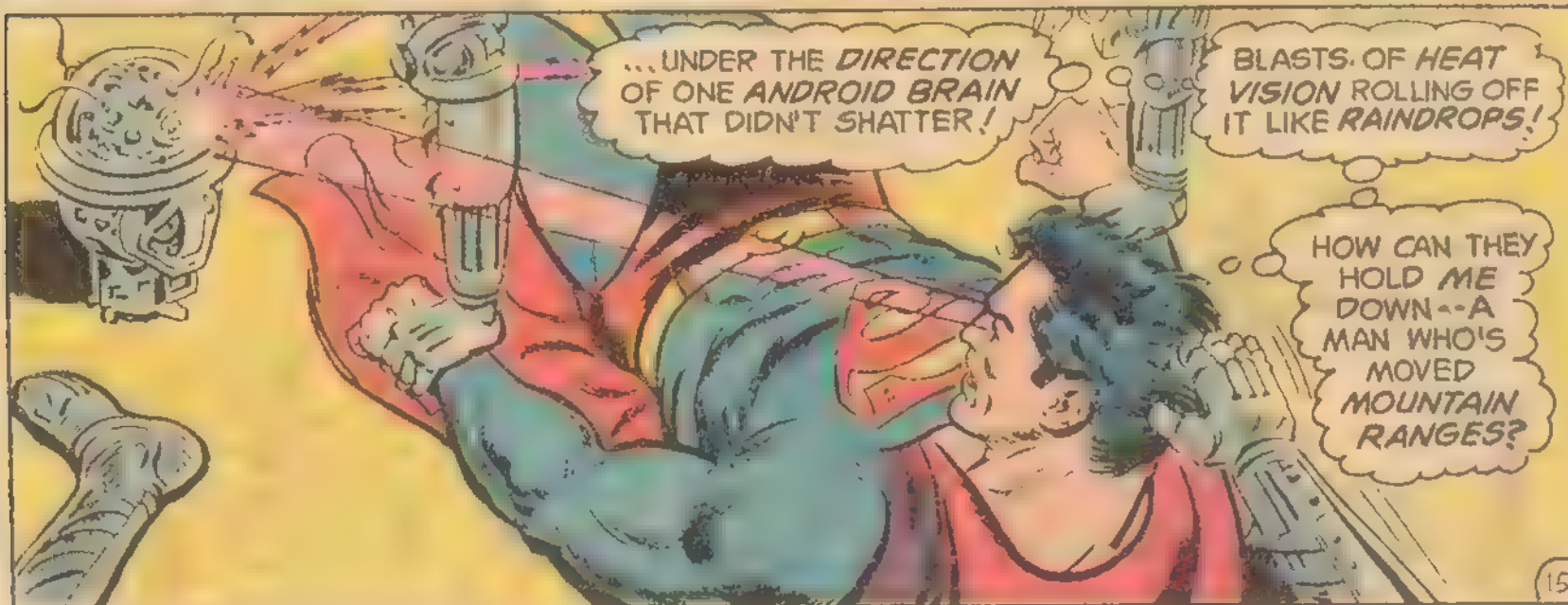
DISCONNECTED ELECTRONIC LIMBS --CRAWLING OVER ME LIKE TINY MEN ALL OVER A GIANT GULLIVER...

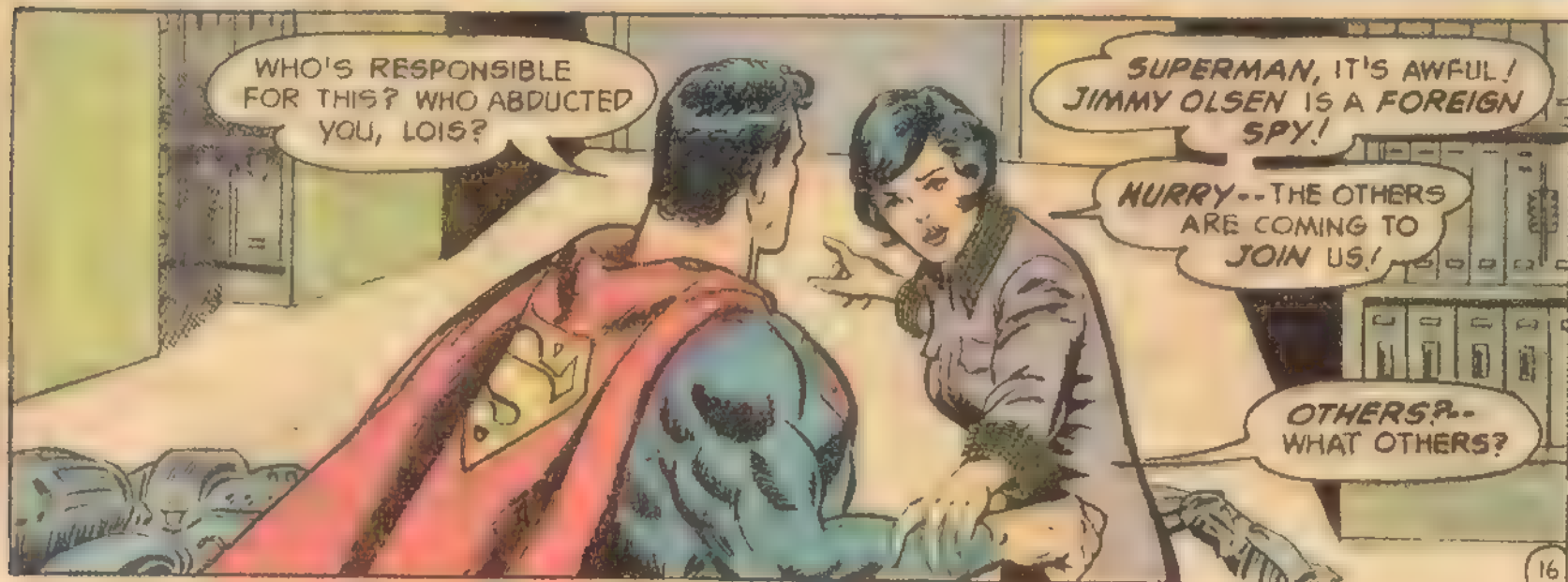
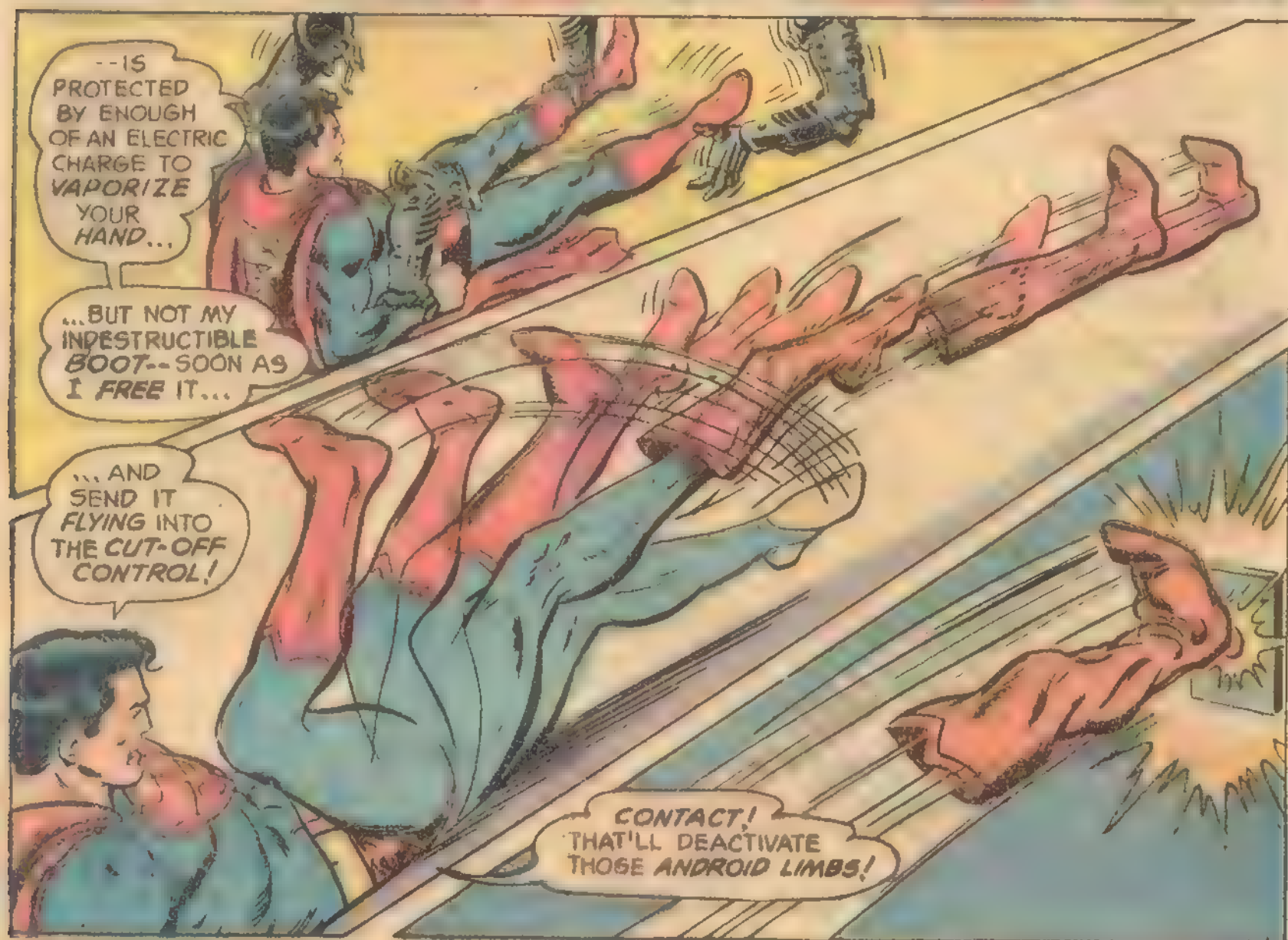
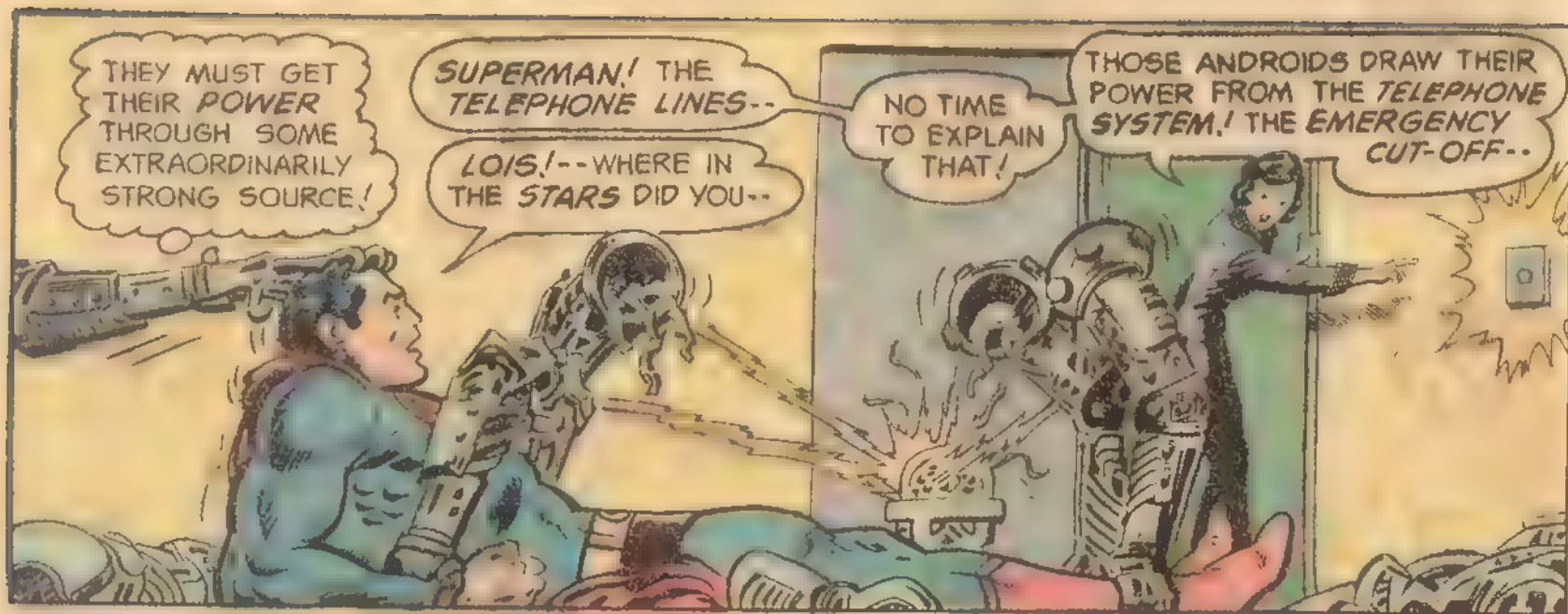


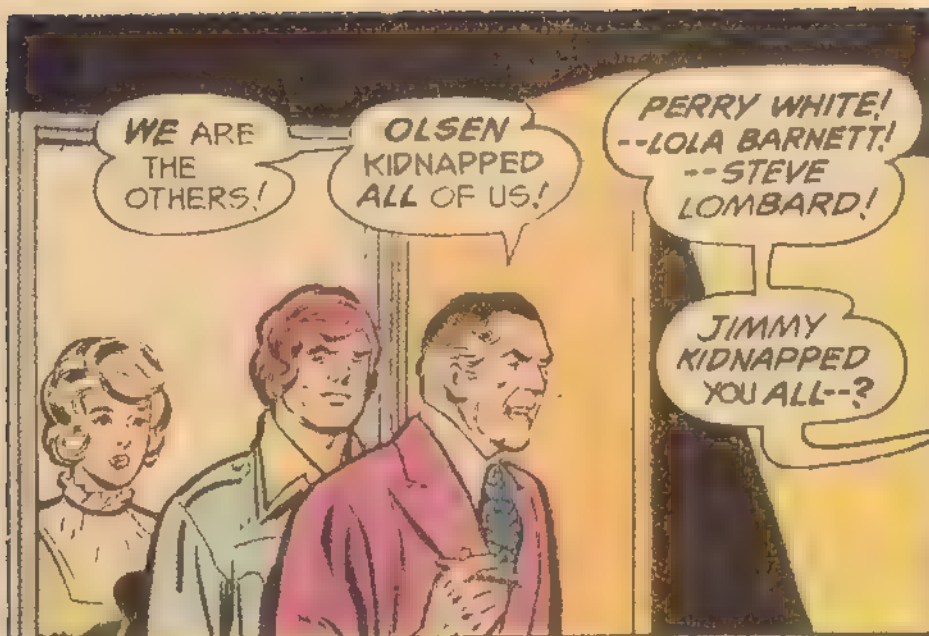
...UNDER THE DIRECTION OF ONE ANDROID BRAIN THAT DIDN'T SHATTER!

BLASTS OF HEAT VISION ROLLING OFF IT LIKE RAINDROPS!

HOW CAN THEY HOLD ME DOWN--A MAN WHO'S MOVED MOUNTAIN RANGES?





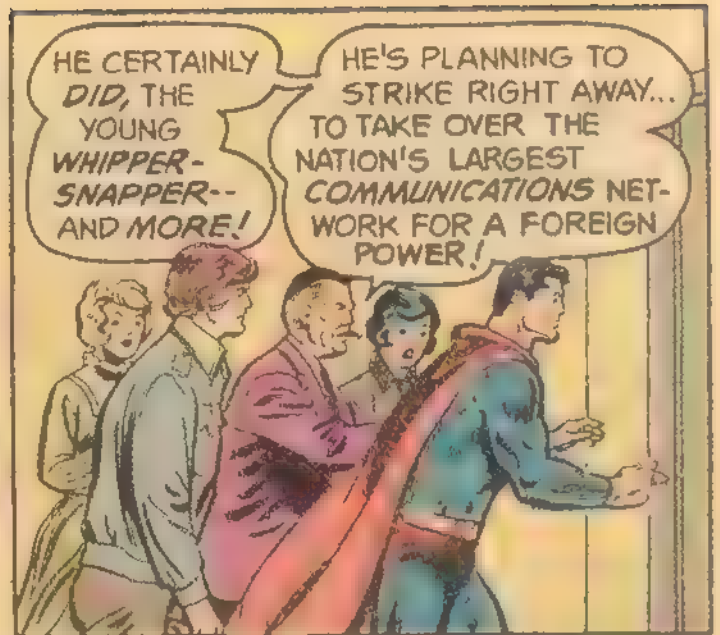


WE ARE
THE
OTHERS!

OLSEN
KIDNAPPED
ALL OF US!

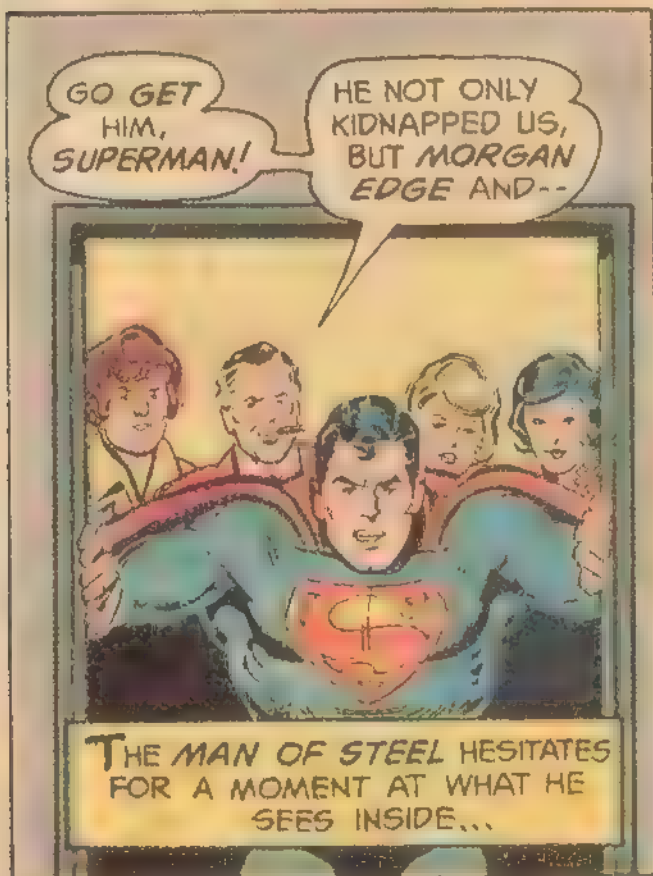
PERRY WHITE!
--LOLA BARNETT!
--STEVE
LOMBARD!

JIMMY
KIDNAPPED
YOU ALL--?



HE CERTAINLY
DID, THE
YOUNG
WHIPPER-
SNAPPER--
AND MORE!

HE'S PLANNING TO
STRIKE RIGHT AWAY...
TO TAKE OVER THE
NATION'S LARGEST
COMMUNICATIONS NET-
WORK FOR A FOREIGN
POWER!



GO GET
HIM,
SUPERMAN!

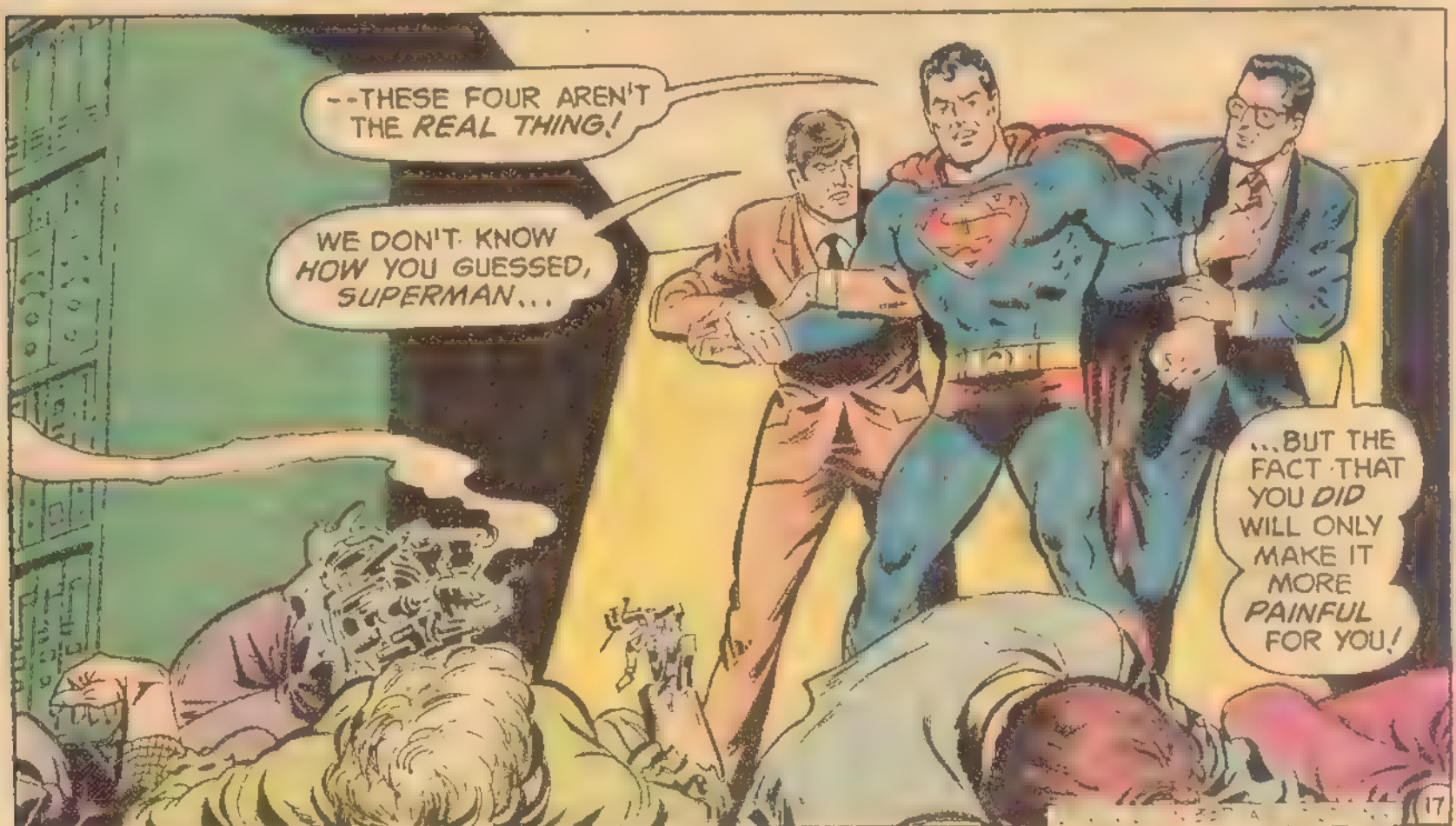
HE NOT ONLY
KIDNAPPED US,
BUT MORGAN
EDGE AND--

THE MAN OF STEEL HESITATES
FOR A MOMENT AT WHAT HE
SEES INSIDE...



...AND BEFORE THE CIGAR-CHOMPING EDITOR
CAN UTTER ANOTHER SYLLABLE...

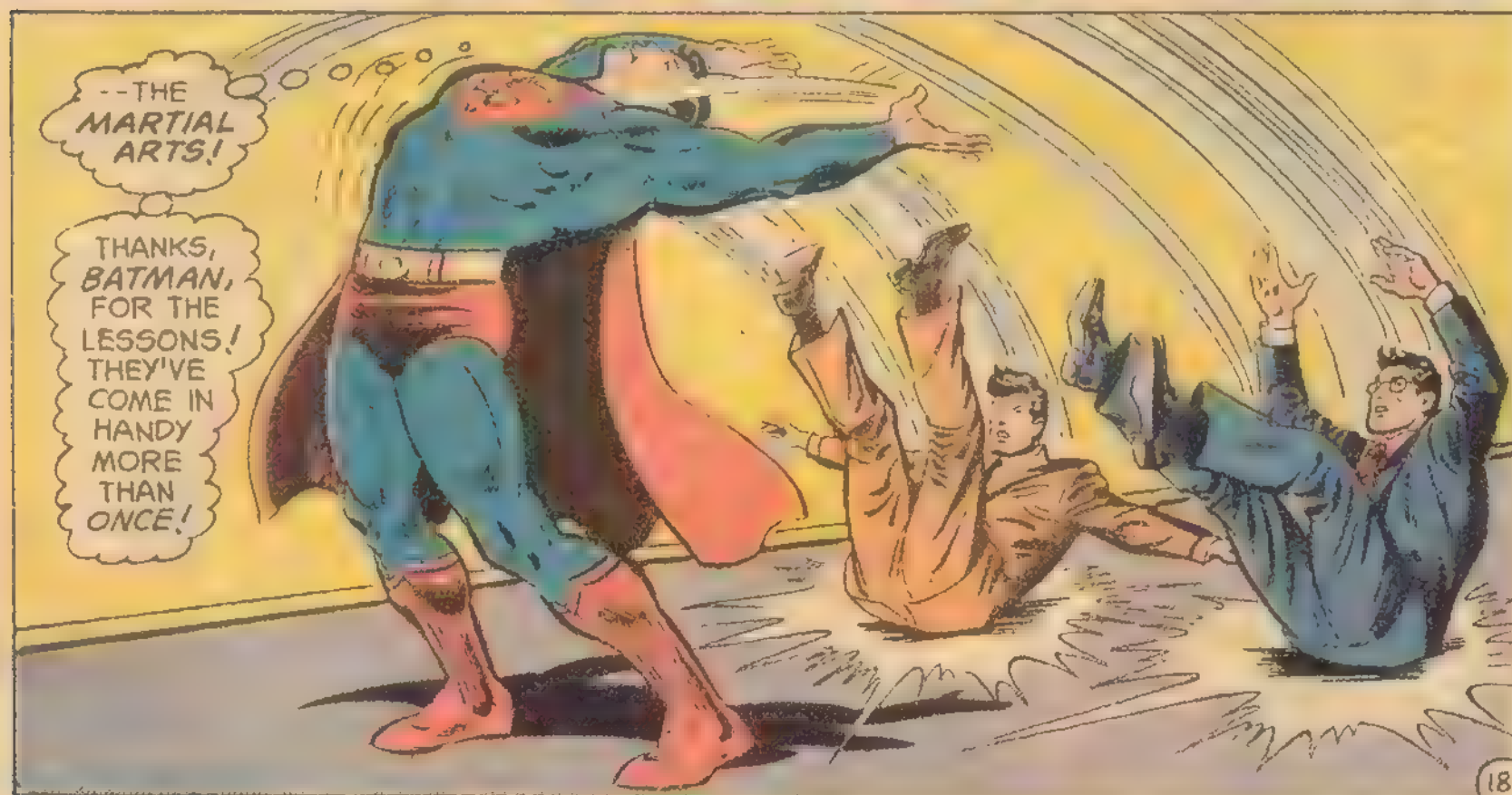
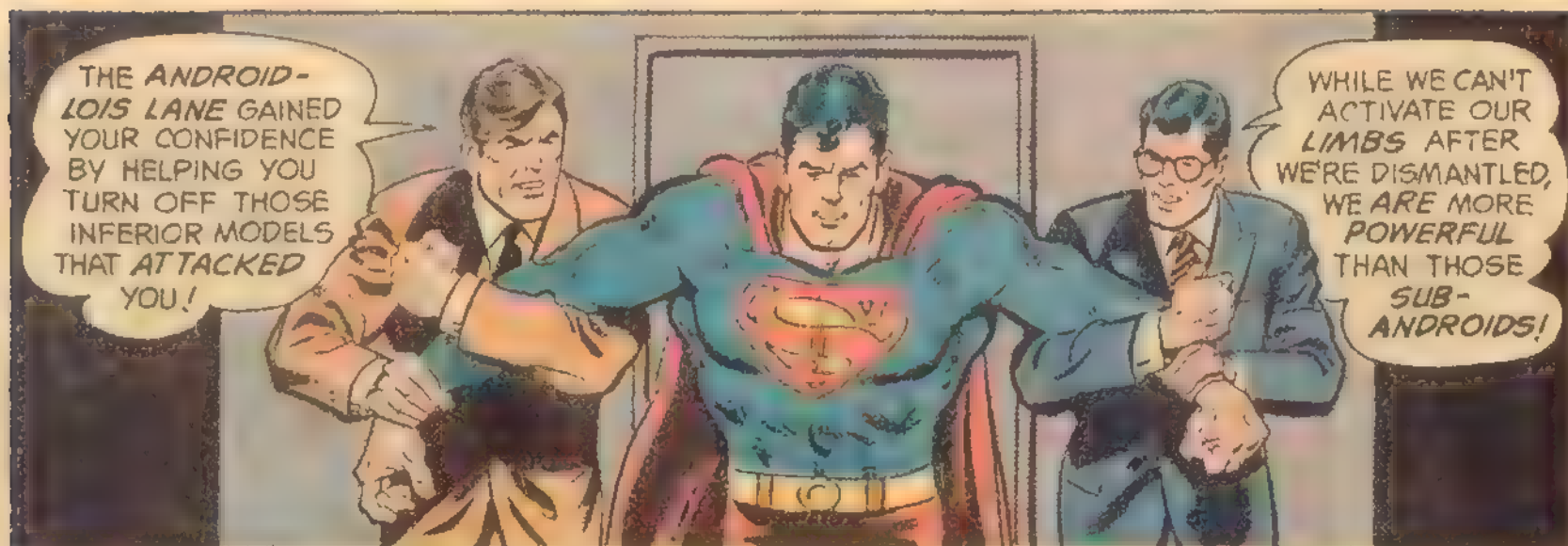
I JUST
REALIZED--

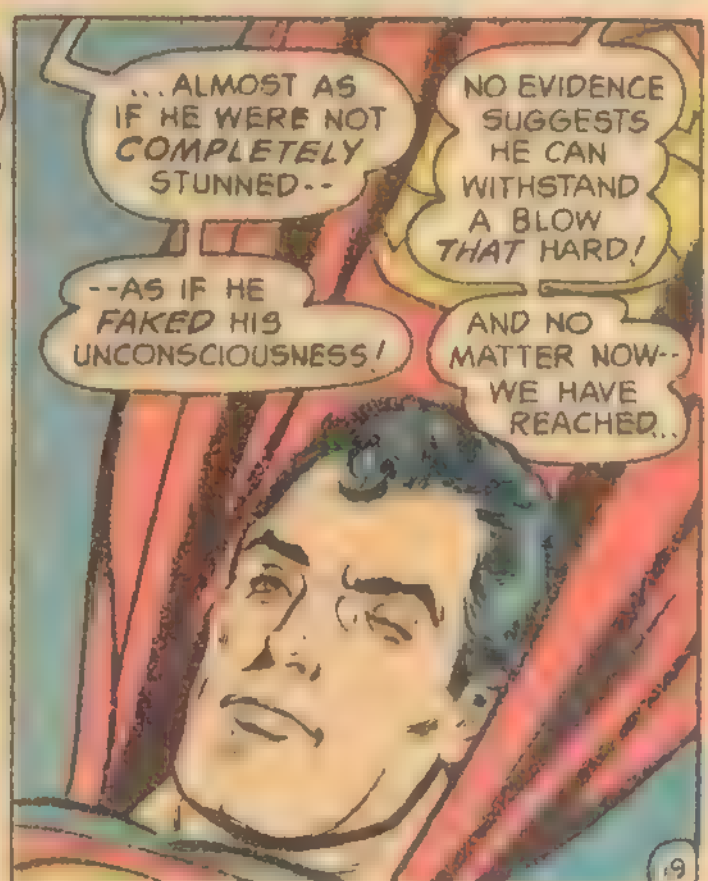
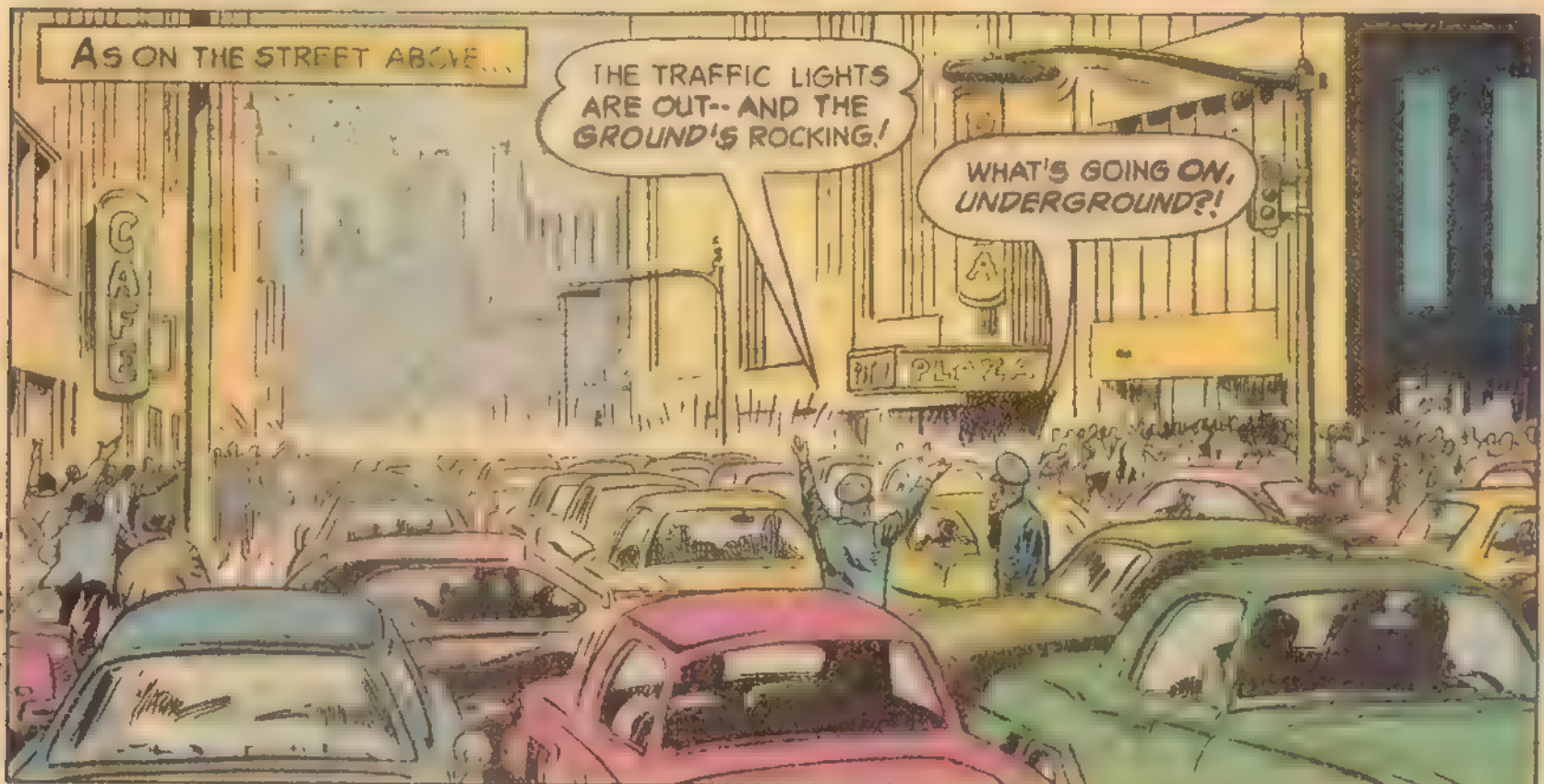
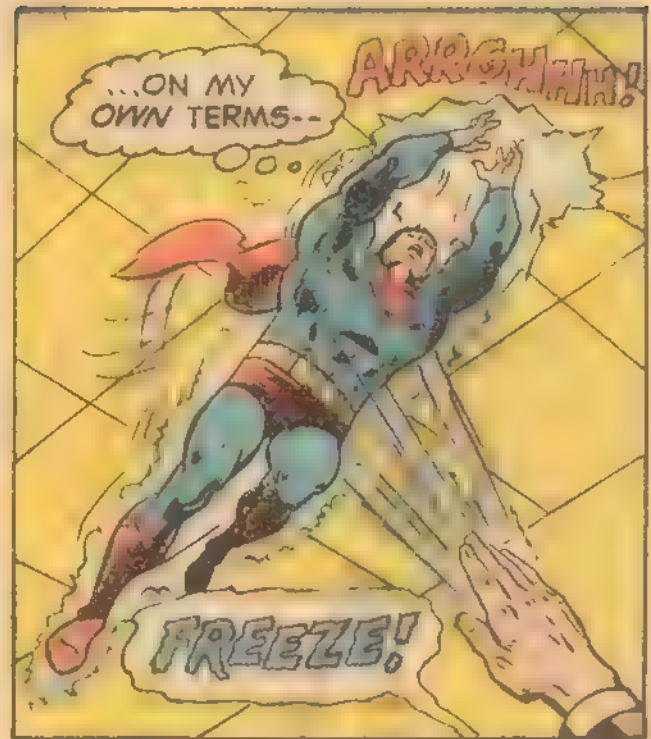
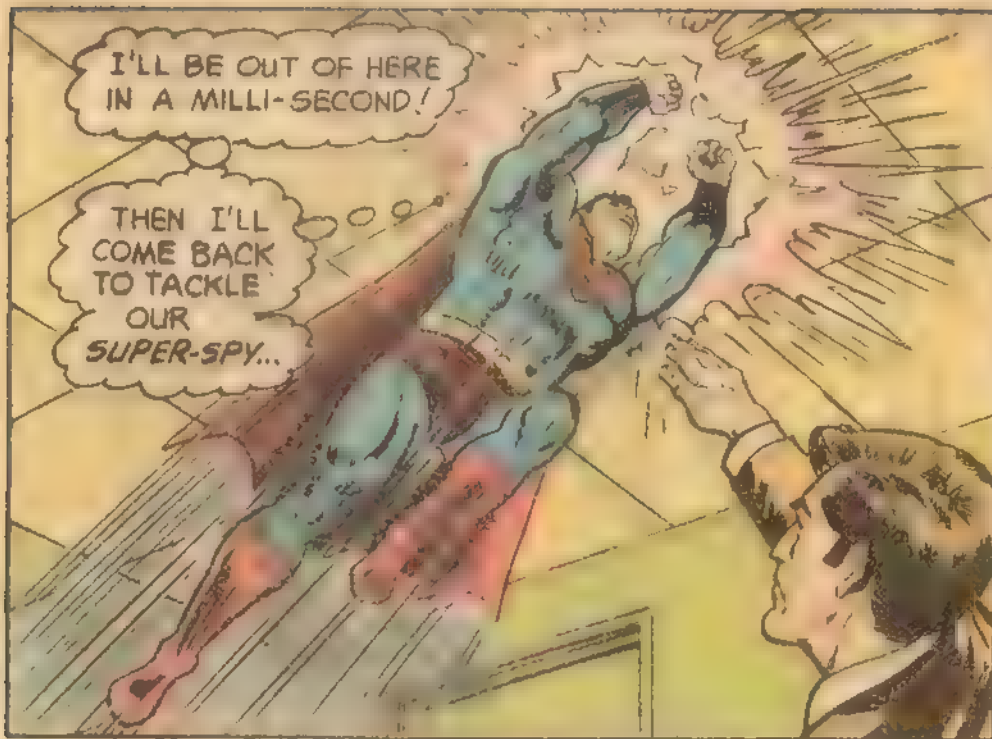


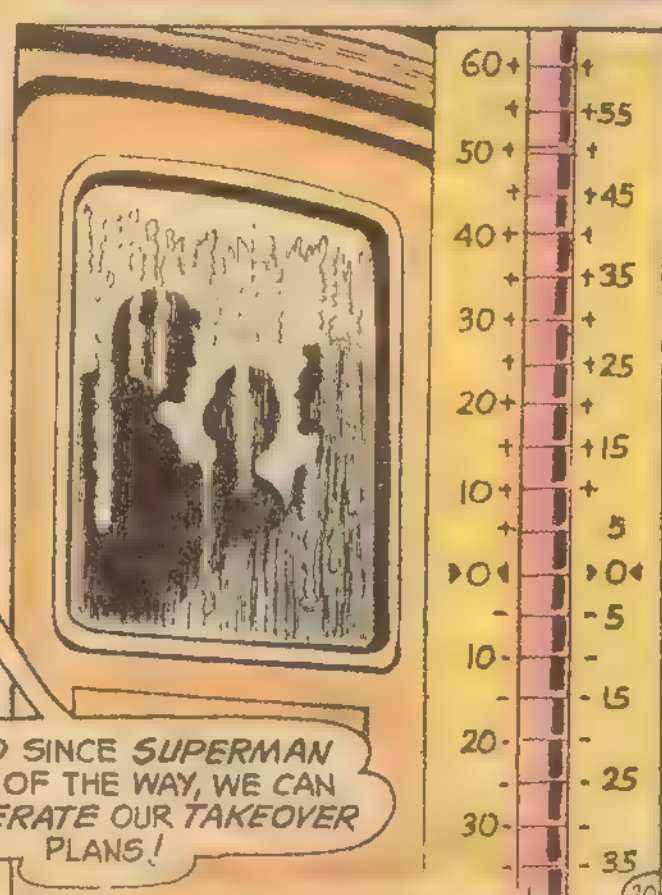
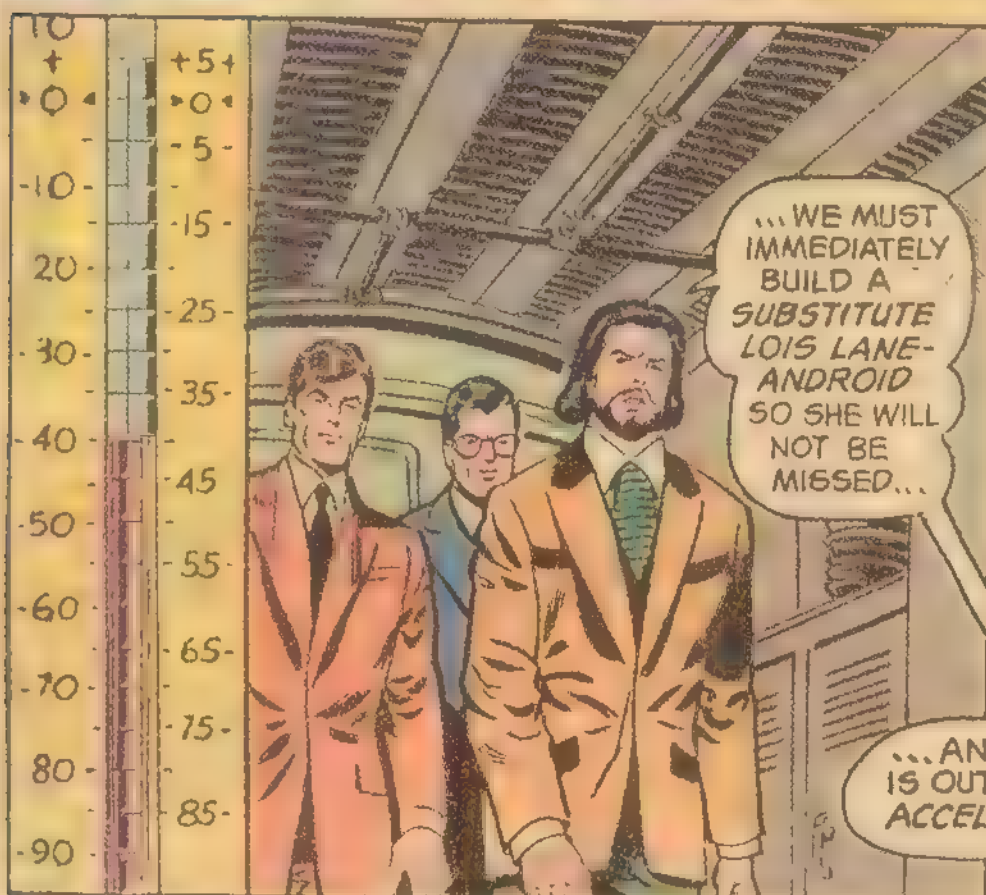
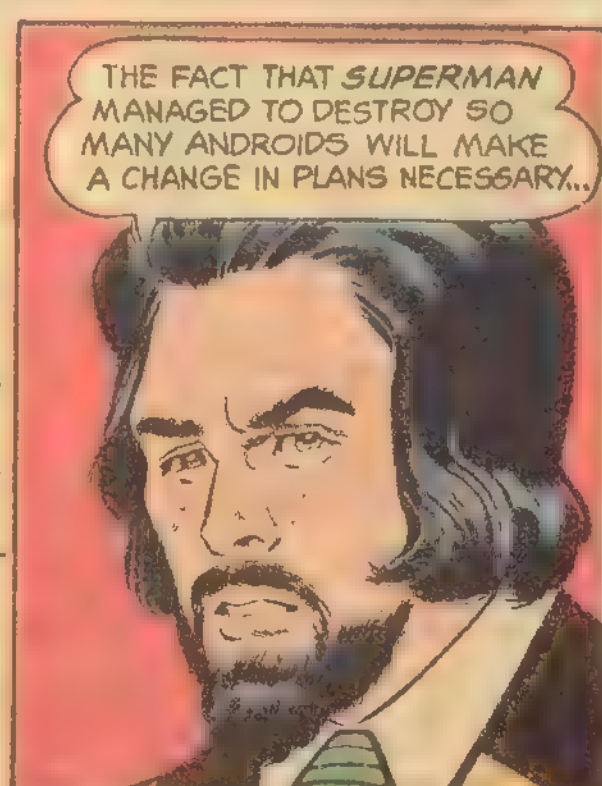
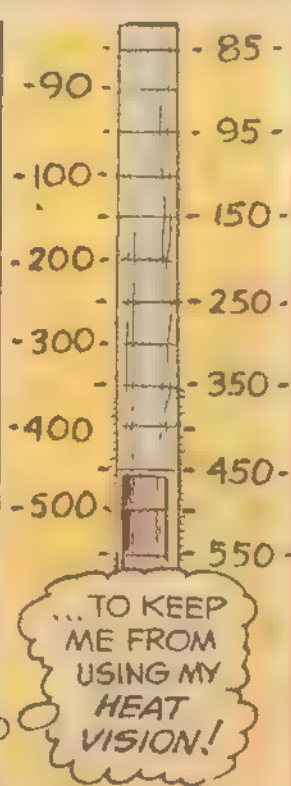
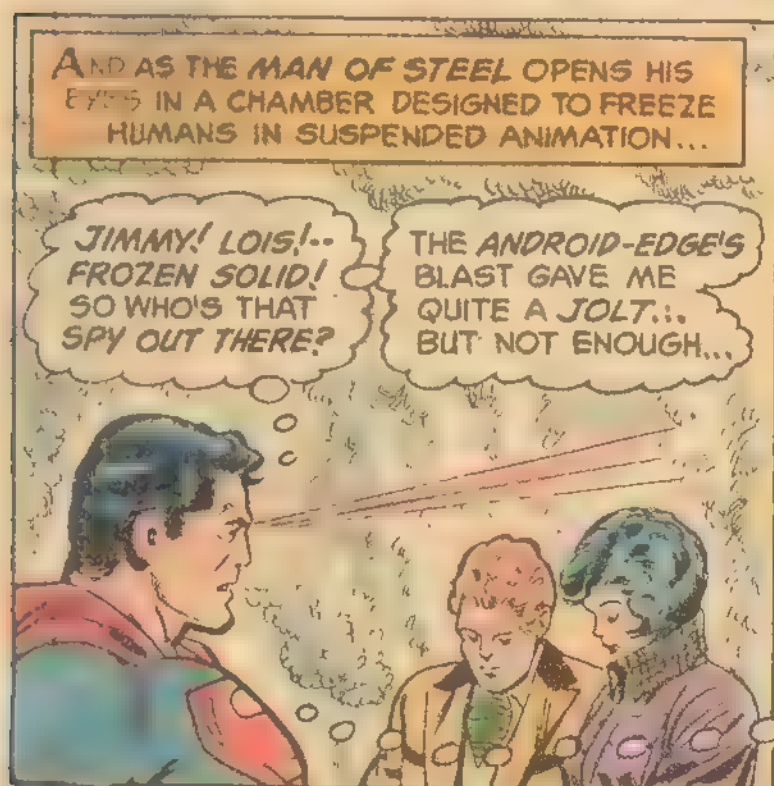
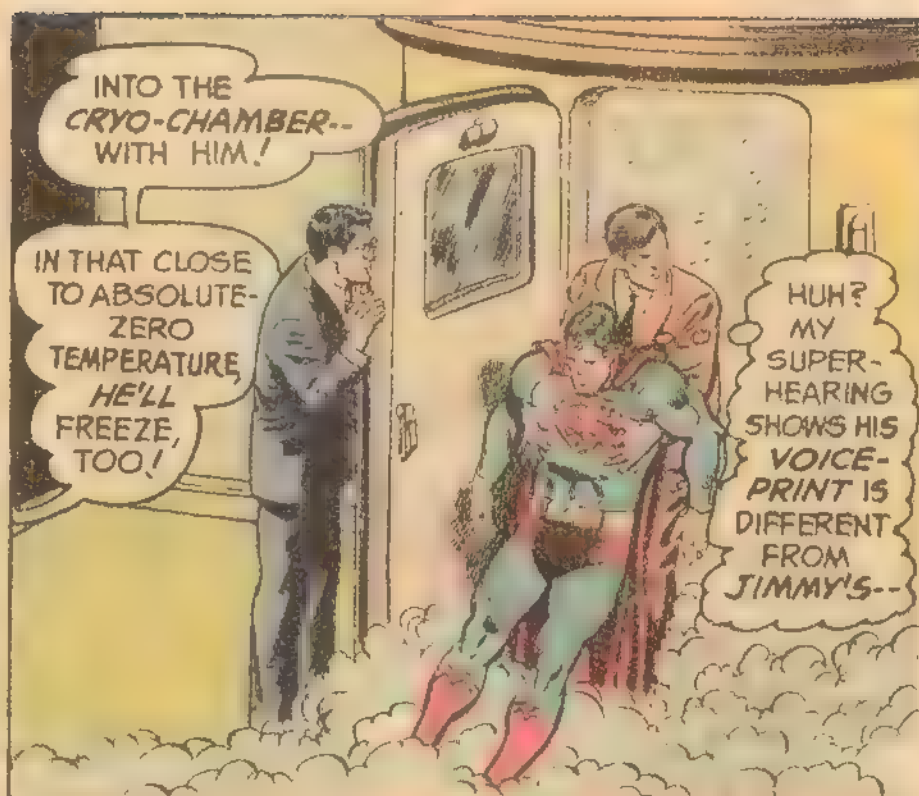
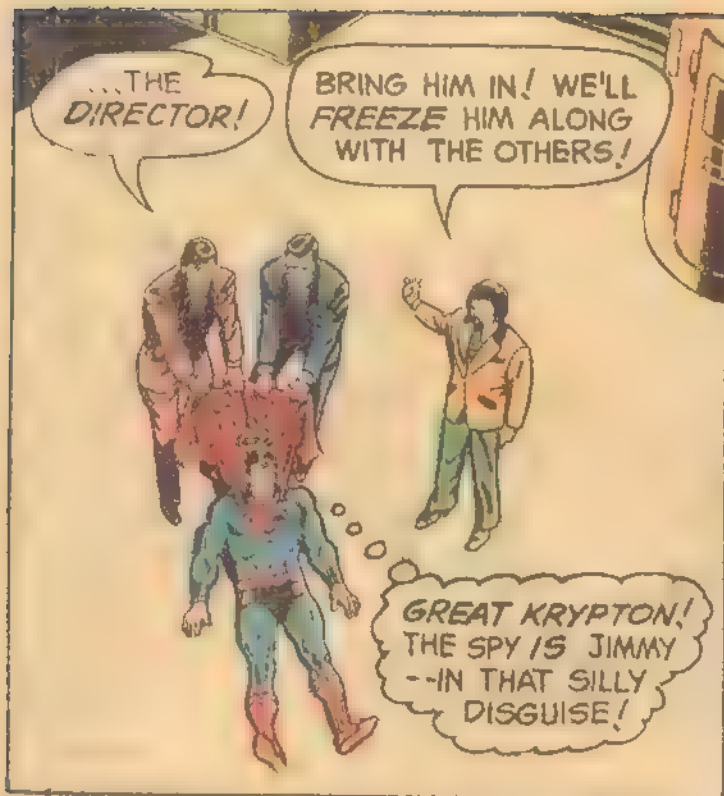
--THESE FOUR AREN'T
THE REAL THING!

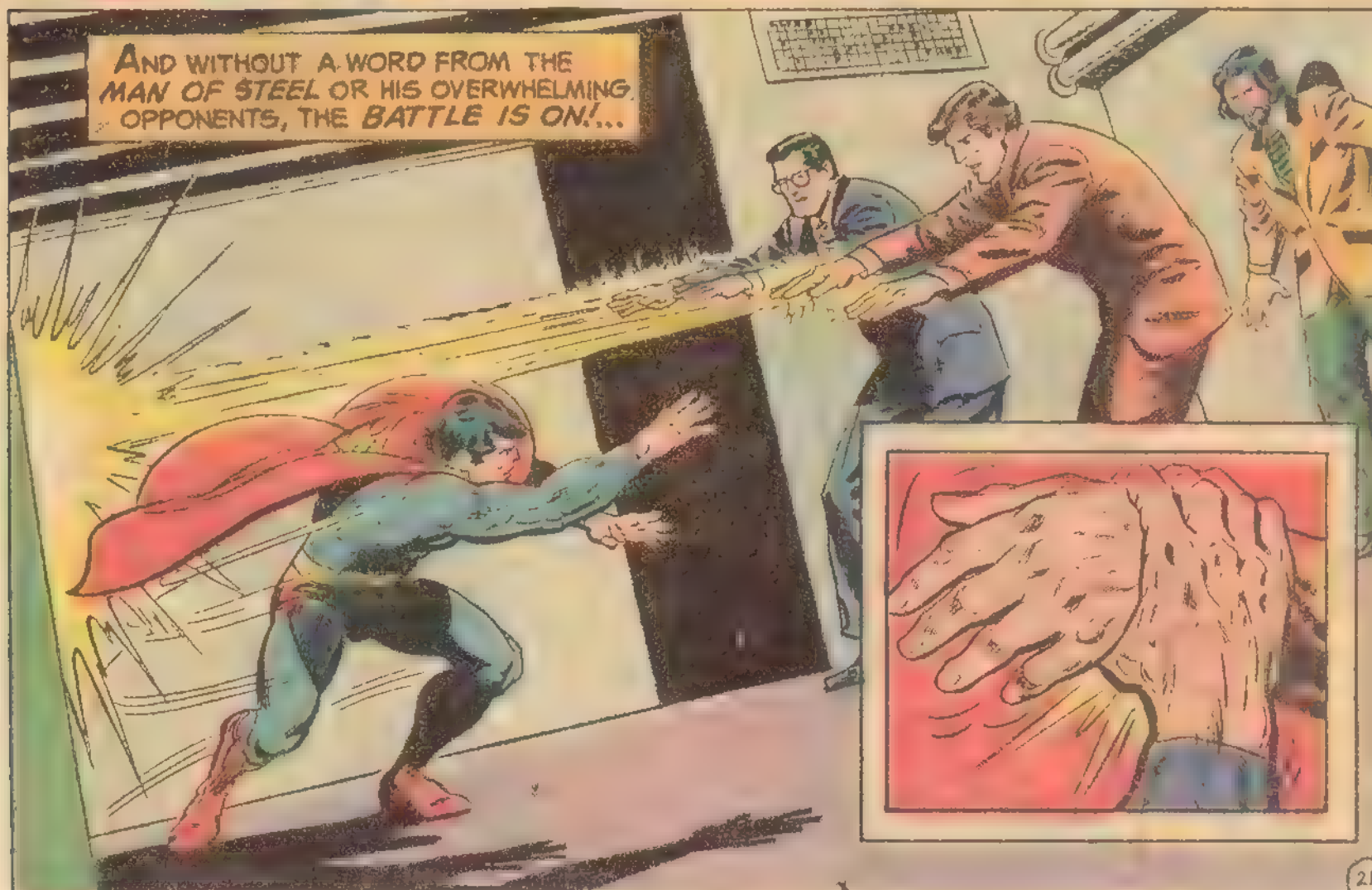
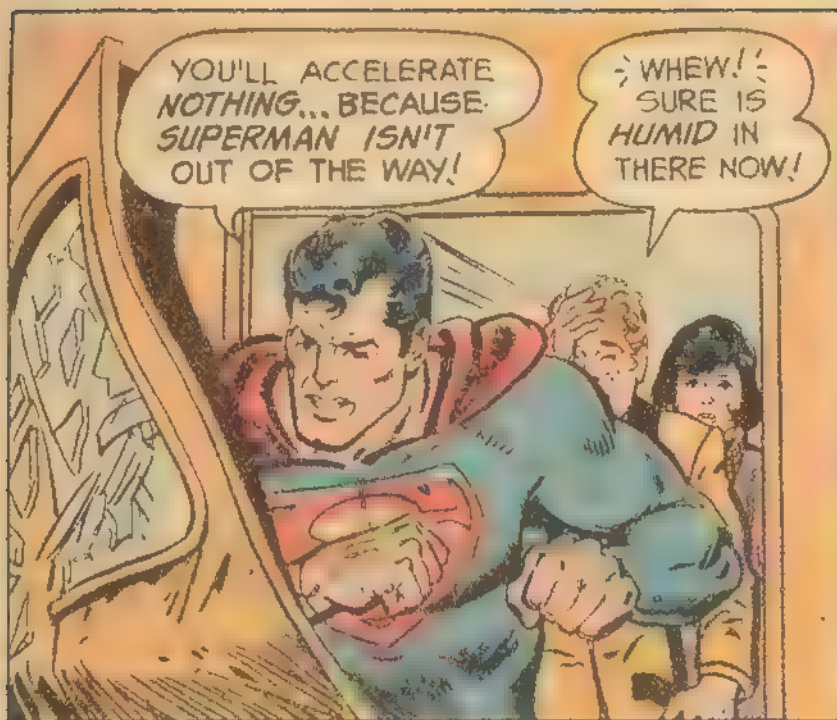
WE DON'T KNOW
HOW YOU GUESSED,
SUPERMAN...

...BUT THE
FACT THAT
YOU DID
WILL ONLY
MAKE IT
MORE
PAINFUL
FOR YOU!









As LOIS AND JIMMY MAKE THEIR GETAWAY...

DON'T BE SO WORRIED, LOIS! SUPERMAN CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF!

I'M NOT WORRIED SO MUCH ABOUT SUPERMAN...

...AS I AM ABOUT THE CITY!

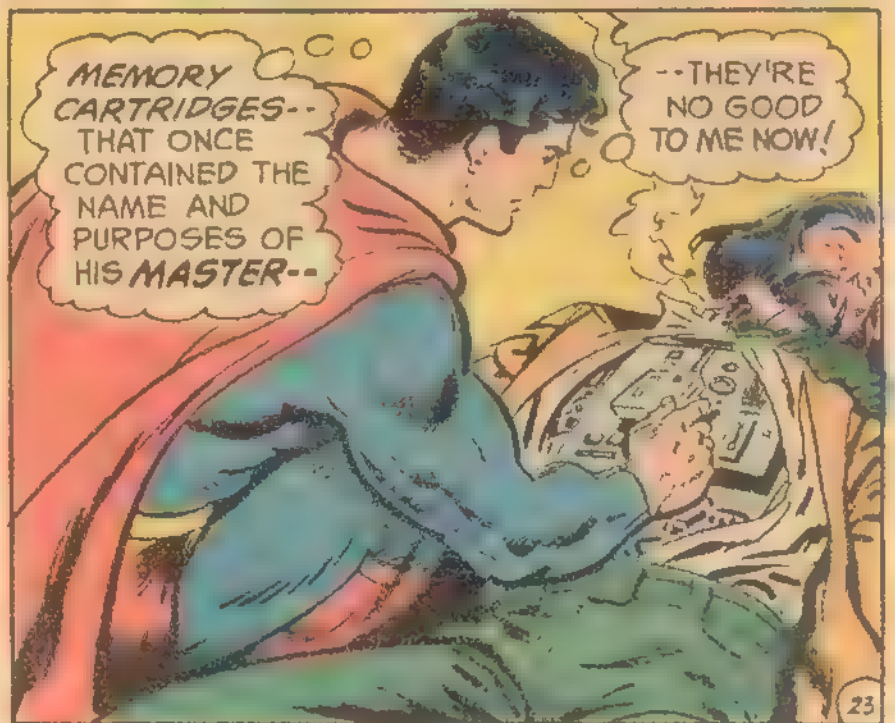
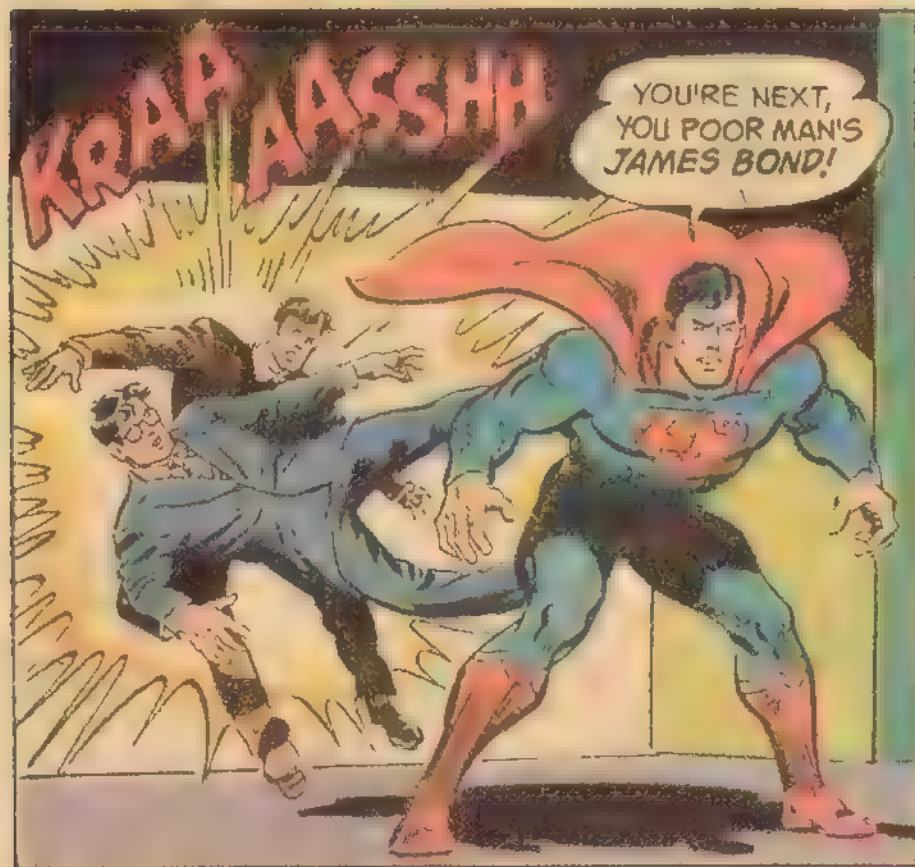
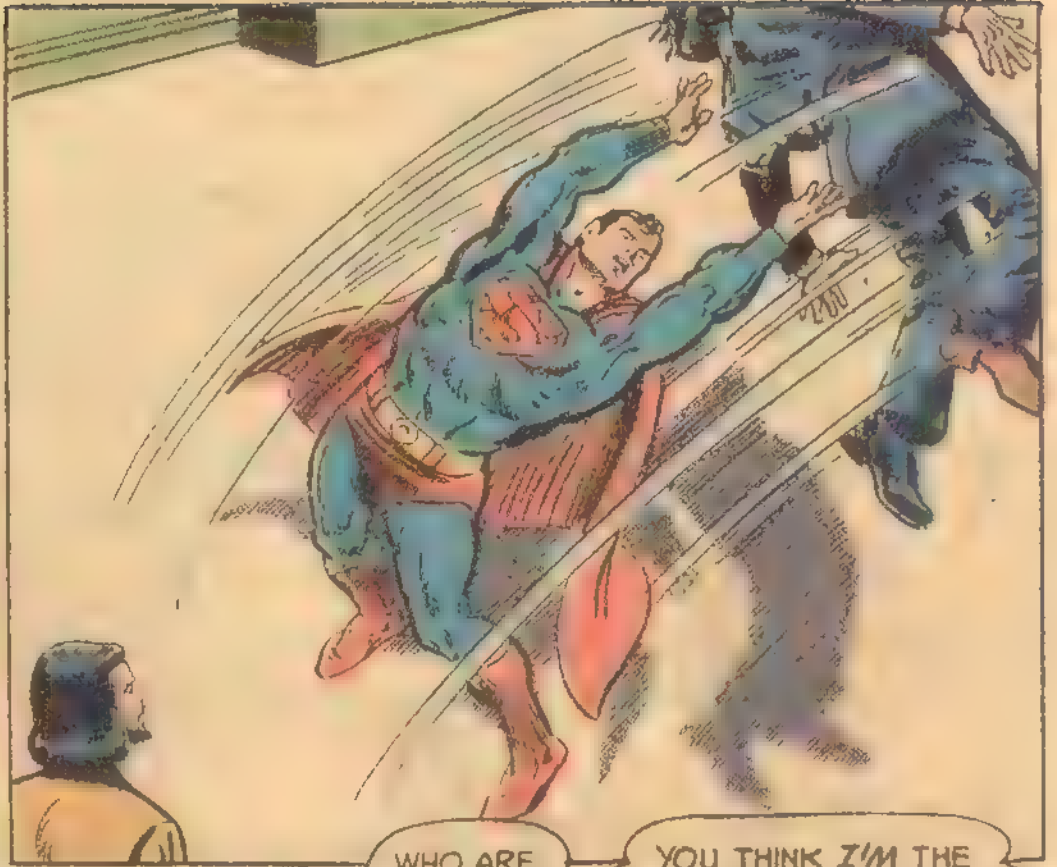
THE SUPER-STRUGGLE'S ROCKING METROPOLIS!

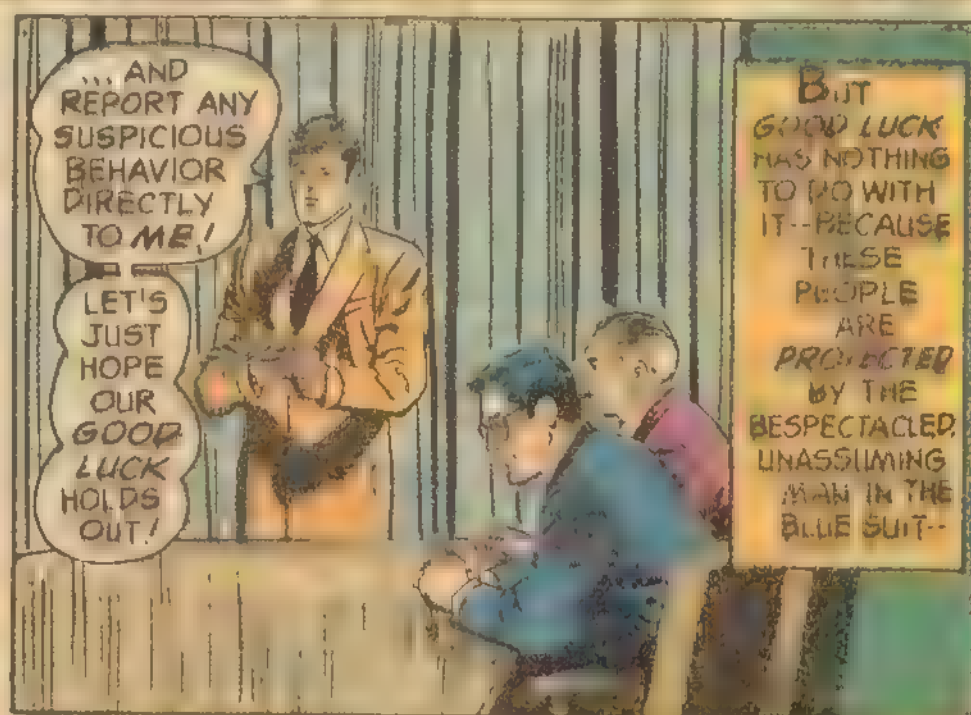
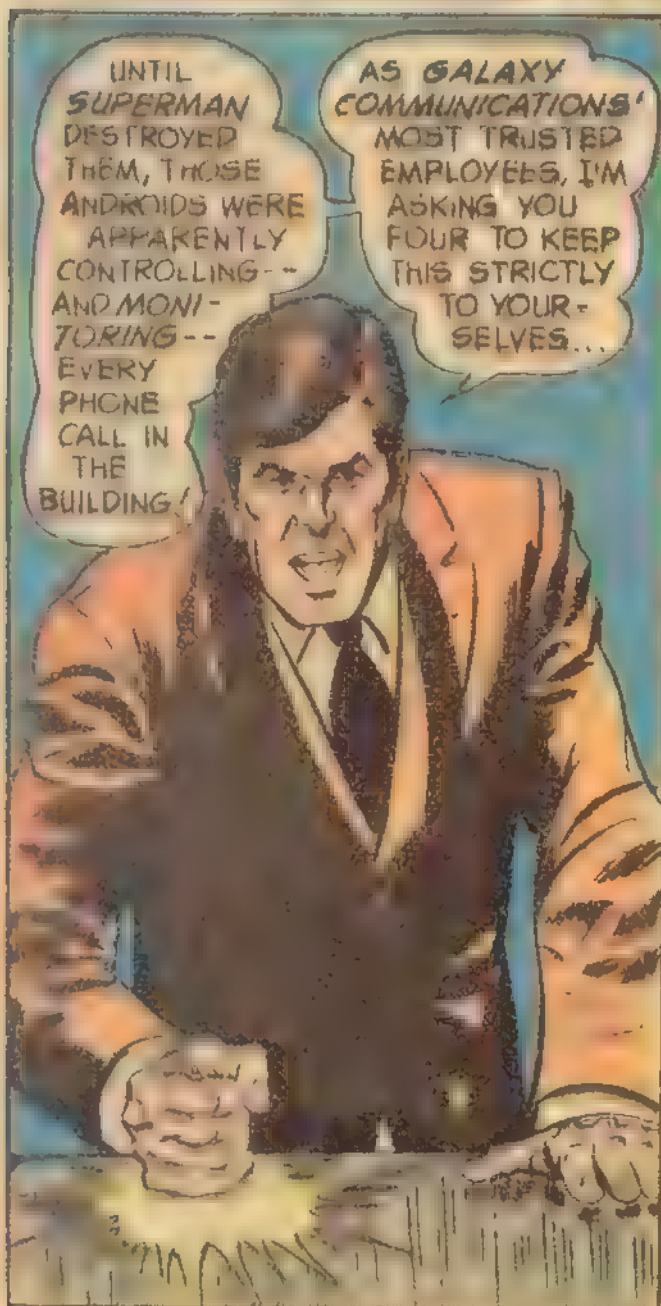
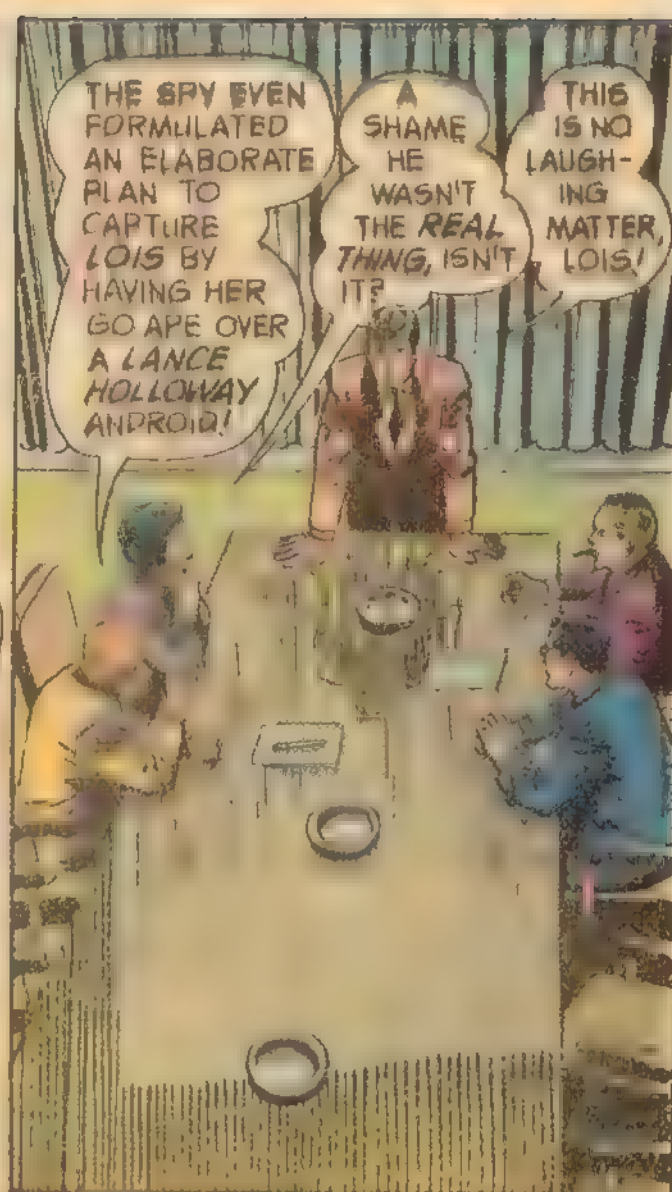
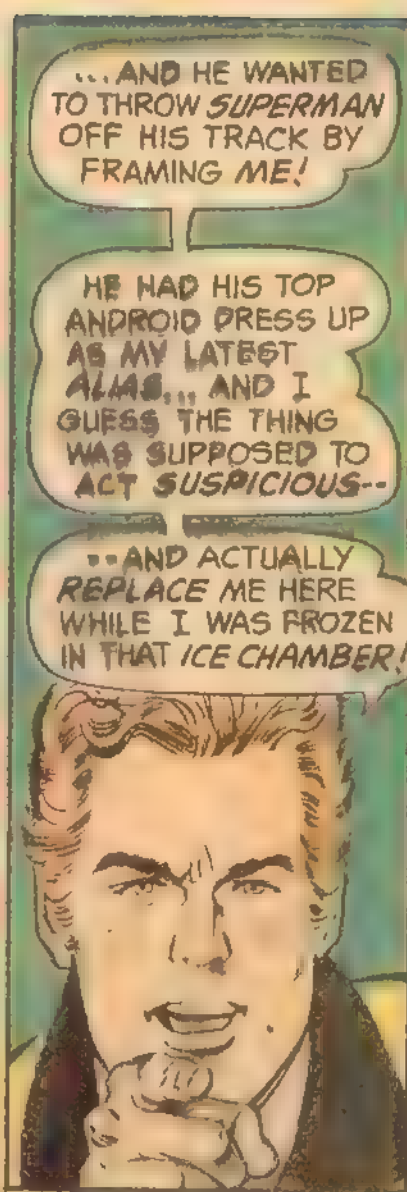
As THE MAN OF STEEL FIGHTS THE ANDROID FIGURES OF HIS BOSS AND HIS OTHER SELF TO A STANDSTILL--

-- A STANDSTILL, YES...

... AND BETTER--







PROLOGUE

A FEW DAYS LATER, IT IS AN EXCITED LOIS LANE WHO TELLS HER COLLEAGUE, CLARK KENT,...

...HE CALLED ME OUT OF THE BLUE--ASKED IF I'D LIKE TO INTERVIEW HIM!

THE REAL LANCE HOLLOWAY --IN THE FLESH!

MIND IF I WATCH HOW IT GOES, LOIS?

NOT AT ALL, CLARK!

BUT DON'T BE SURPRISED IF I ACT LIKE AN EXCITED SCHOOL-GIRL!

NO, NO, NO! I'LL BE SITTING IN THE LEFT CHAIR...

...SO I CAN SHOW OFF MY BETTER PROFILE! AND REPLACE THAT WITH A BLUE CHAIR!

I SIMPLY CAN'T HAVE THE RED CLASH WITH MY COMPLEXION ON CAMERA!

YOU'LL BE MISS... MISS...

--LANE... LOIS LANE!

OF COURSE! ISN'T IT AMAZING HOW YOU MANAGE TO DRESS SO... ADEQUATELY ON A REPORTER'S SALARY!

OH, BROTHER!

LOIS DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT I ARRANGED FOR HER TO INTERVIEW HER IDOL--

--AND I KNEW HE'D TURN OUT TO BE A CONCEITED ASS!

JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE SHE APPRECIATES WHAT SHE'S ALREADY GOT!

DON'T YOU THINK IT WOULD LOOK BETTER IF WE PUT A PHILODENDRON HERE, MISS... MISS-- WHAT'S YOUR NAME AGAIN?

COMEDY COVER CAPERS

HERE WE COME WITH CRAZY NEW BALLOONS FOR OLD COVERS...



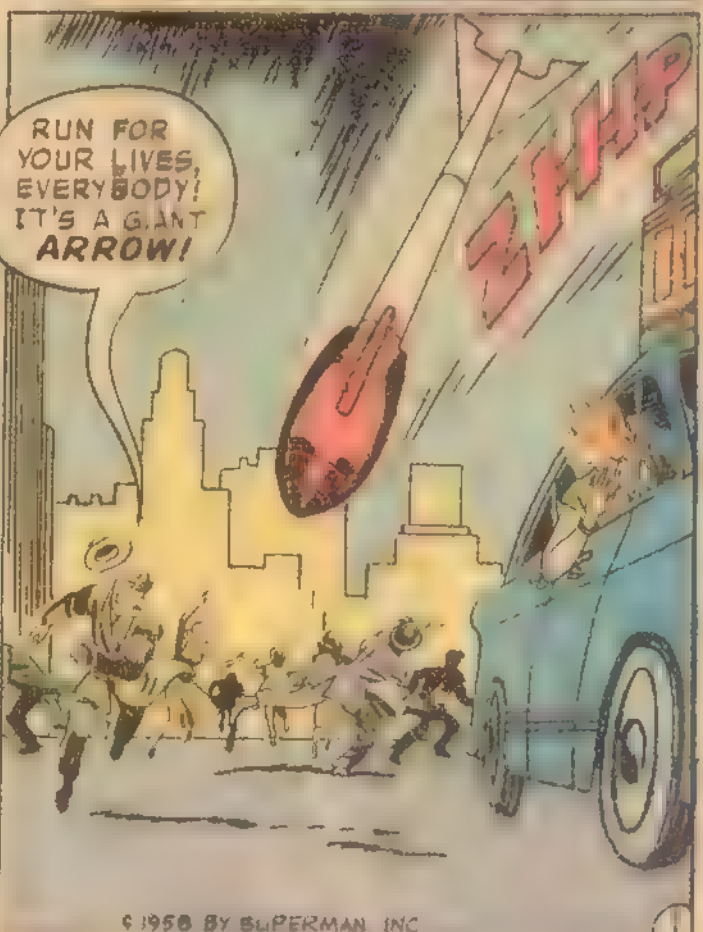
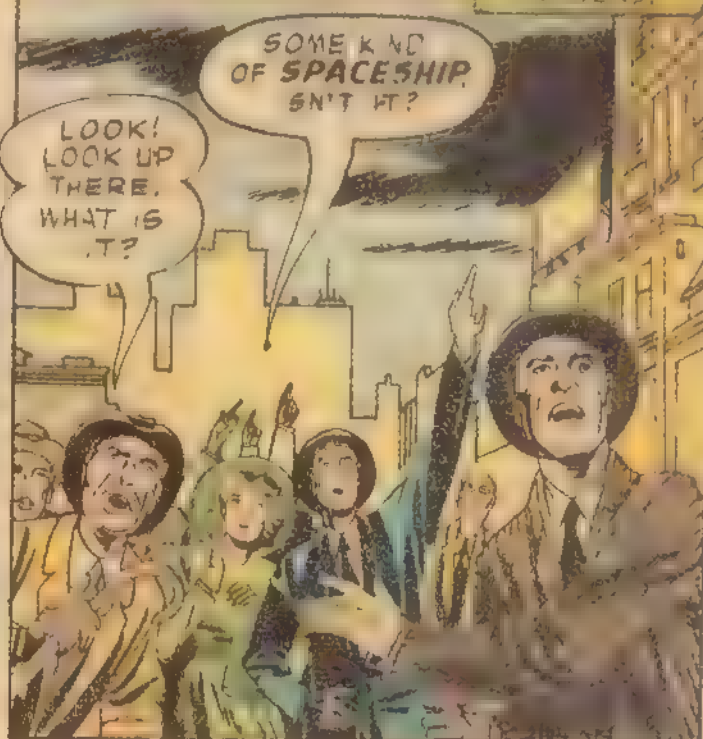
FOR THE ORIGINAL COVER DIALOGUE, SEE PAGE 47

THE GREEN ARROW

FROM WHERE DID THE FANTASTIC ARROWS COME-- THOSE GIANT MISSILES THAT RAINED DOWN FROM OUT OF THE SKIES? WHO FIRED THEM-- AND FOR WHAT PURPOSE? EVEN THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY, THE WORLD'S WIZARD ARCHERS, WERE BAFFLED BY--
THE MYSTERY OF THE GIANT ARROWS



NOONDAY IN THE CITY, AND AN AWED CROWD WATCHES AN OBJECT HURTLE FROM THE HEAVENS.



GIANT ACTION COMICS

TELEVISION CAMERAS SPEED TO THE SCENE, AND WITHIN MOMENTS "CLOSE-UPS" OF THE INCREDIBLE ARROW ARE FLASHED THROUGHOUT COUNTLESS HOMES--INCLUDING OLIVER QUEEN'S...

ARRIVING IN THEIR SLEEK ARROWCAR, THE BATTLING BOWMEN USE THEIR CATAPULT TO HURL THEM SKYWARD...

READY WITH YOUR CABLE ARROWS, SPEEDY! THE GIANT ARROW'S TEETERING--IT'S ABOUT TO CRASH DOWN AT ANY SECOND NOW!

WHO FIRED THIS HUGE ARROW--AND WHY? THAT'S WHAT EVERYBODY IS ASKING! AND WHAT IS ITS PURPOSE? CAN SOMETHING BE DONE ABOUT IT?

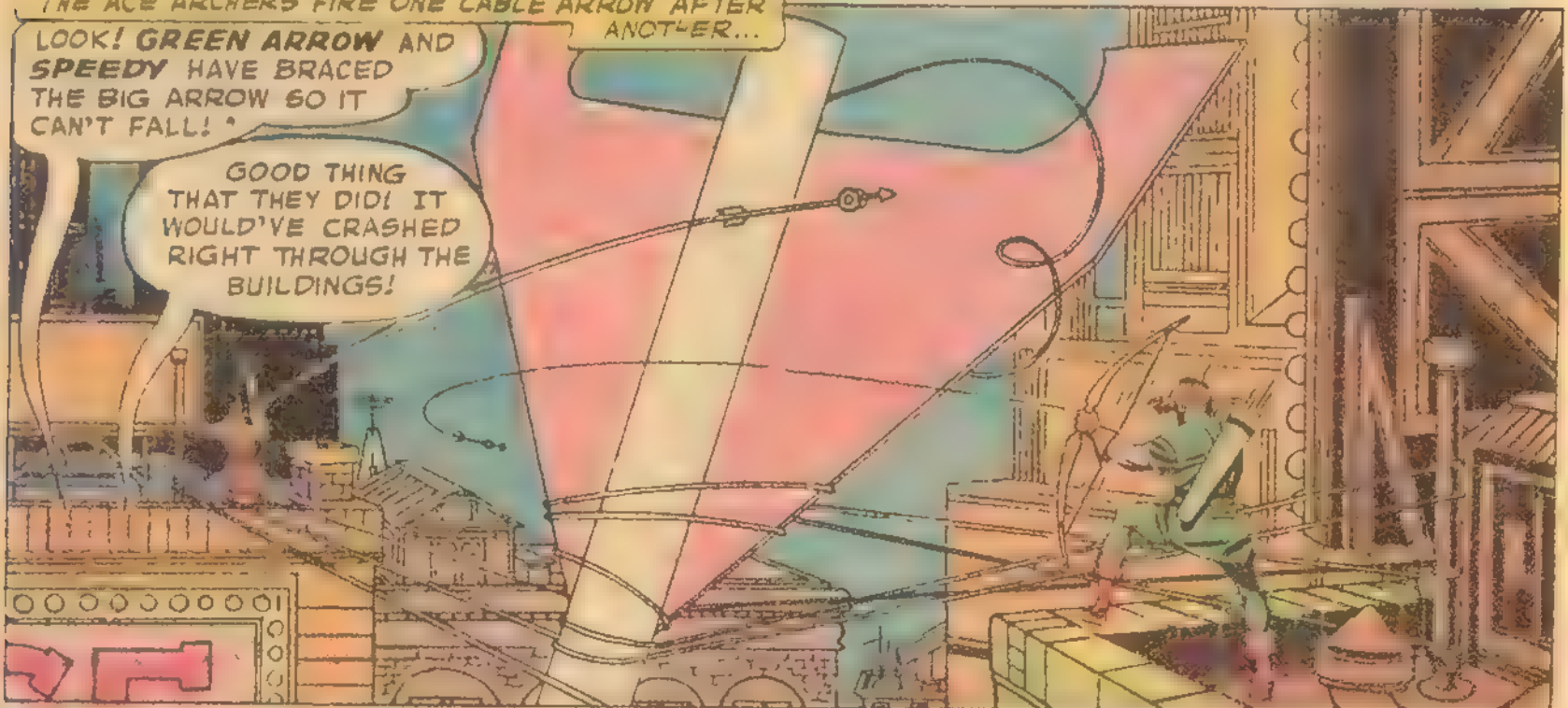
A STRANGE, GIANT ARROW? THIS IS A JOB FOR THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY!



STATIONING THEMSELVES ON OPPOSITE ROOFTOPS, THE ACE ARCHERS FIRE ONE CABLE ARROW AFTER ANOTHER...

LOOK! GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY HAVE BRACED THE BIG ARROW SO IT CAN'T FALL!

GOOD THING THAT THEY DID! IT WOULD'VE CRASHED RIGHT THROUGH THE BUILDINGS!



THEY, SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...

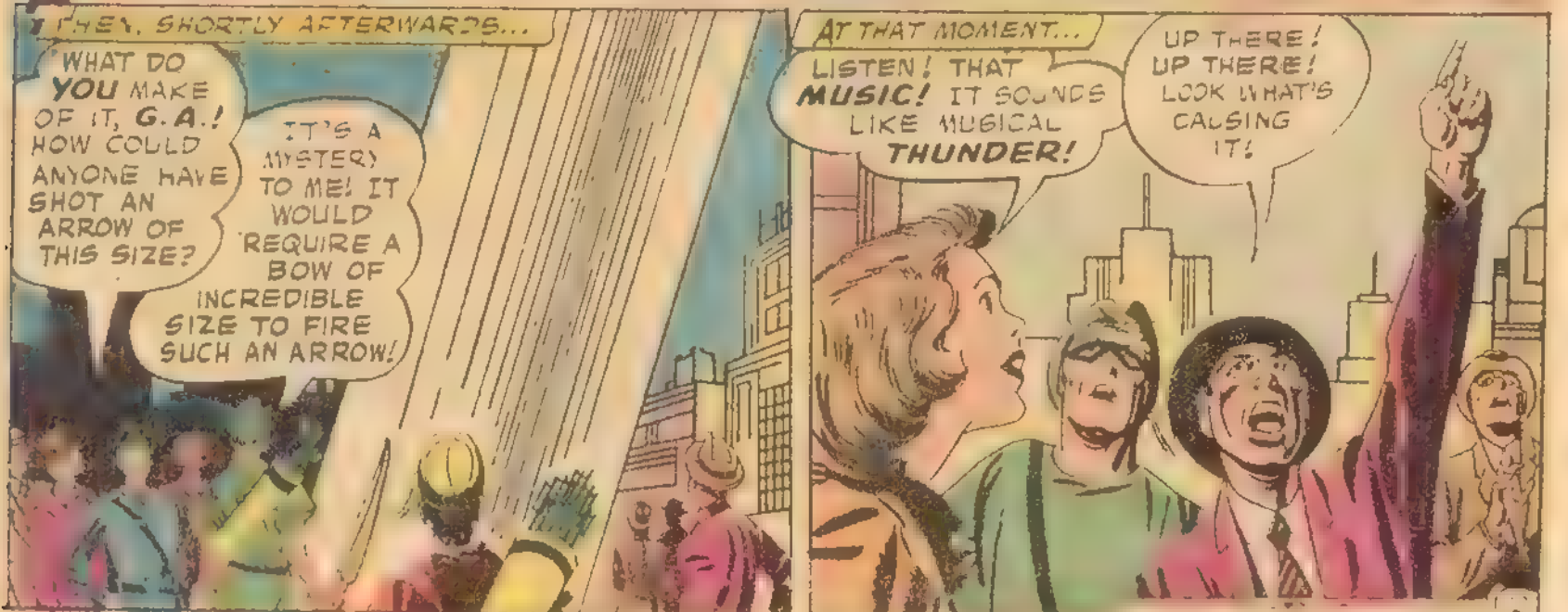
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, G.A.! HOW COULD ANYONE HAVE SHOT AN ARROW OF THIS SIZE?

IT'S A MYSTERY TO ME! IT WOULD REQUIRE A BOW OF INCREDIBLE SIZE TO FIRE SUCH AN ARROW!

AT THAT MOMENT...

LISTEN! THAT MUSIC! IT SOUNDS LIKE MUSICAL THUNDER!

UP THERE! UP THERE! LOOK WHAT'S CAUSING IT!





GREEN ARROW



THE SOURCE OF THE EERIE MUSIC IS
ANOTHER GIGANTIC
ARROW...

THAT UNEARTHLY
MUSIC IS DEAFENING!
AND ITS VIBRATIONS
ARE SHATTERING
STORE WINDOWS!
STUFF COTTON
IN YOUR EARS,
SPEEDY--
WE'RE GOING
AFTER IT!

SP-RUSH
KAWHAMMO

AS THE ACE ARCHERS RACE ALONG BENEATH THE
FANTASTIC MUSICAL MISSILE...

THE COCOON
ARROW, SPEEDY!
IT SHOULD DO THE
TRICK! IT'LL CIRCLE
THE GIANT ARROW,
WEAVING A COCOON
AROUND IT-- AND WILL
MUFFLE THE
SOUND!

THEN, WHEN THE THUNDERING MUSIC IS
SILENCED...

STOPPED THE MUSIC, BUT THE
BIG ARROW WILL HIT THAT
FREIGHTER-- UNLESS I
CAN DEFLECT IT WITH
THE JET-ARROW!

THWANG!

CLANG-G!

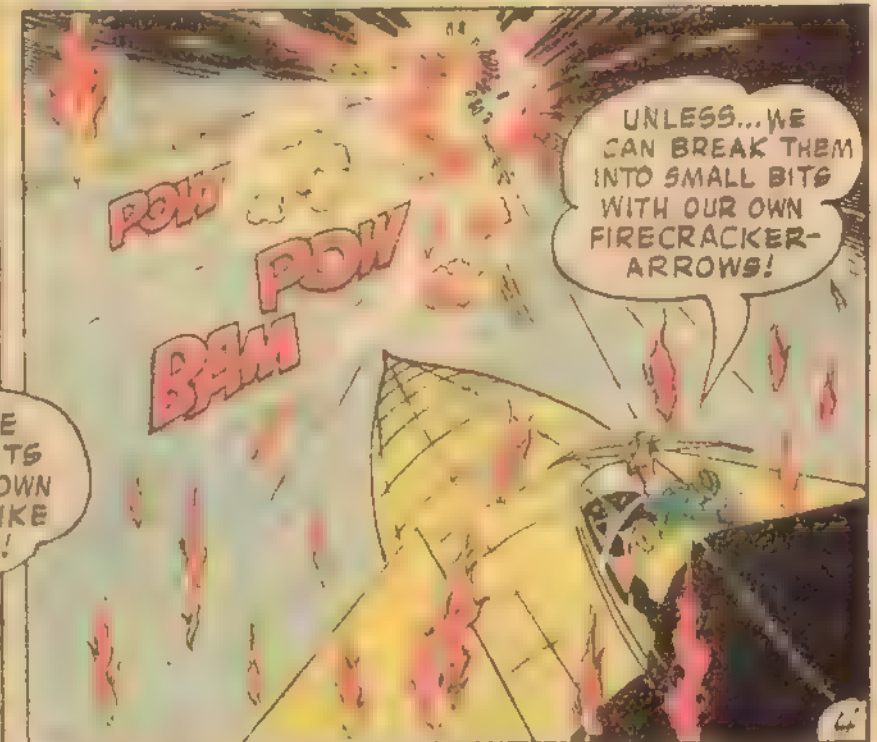
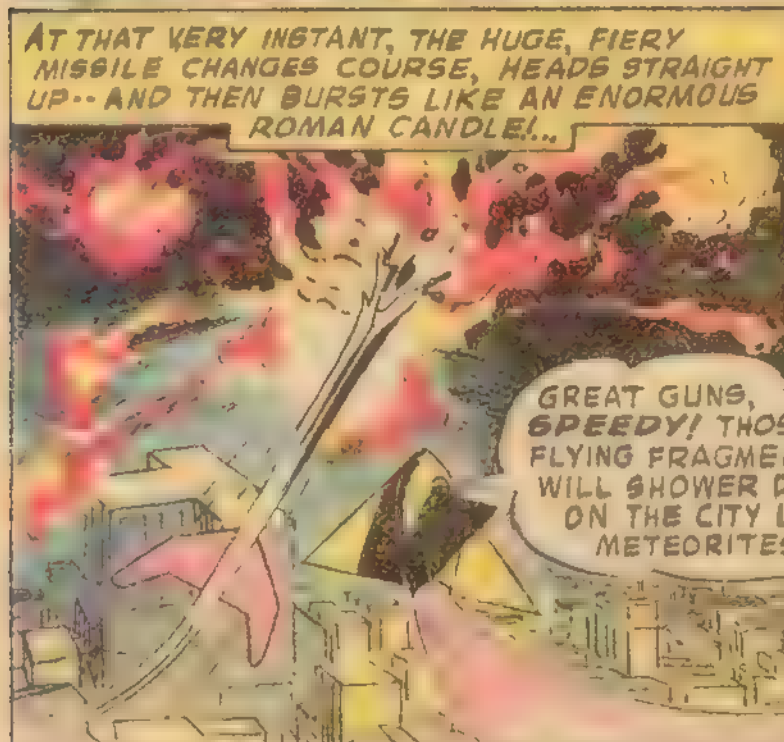
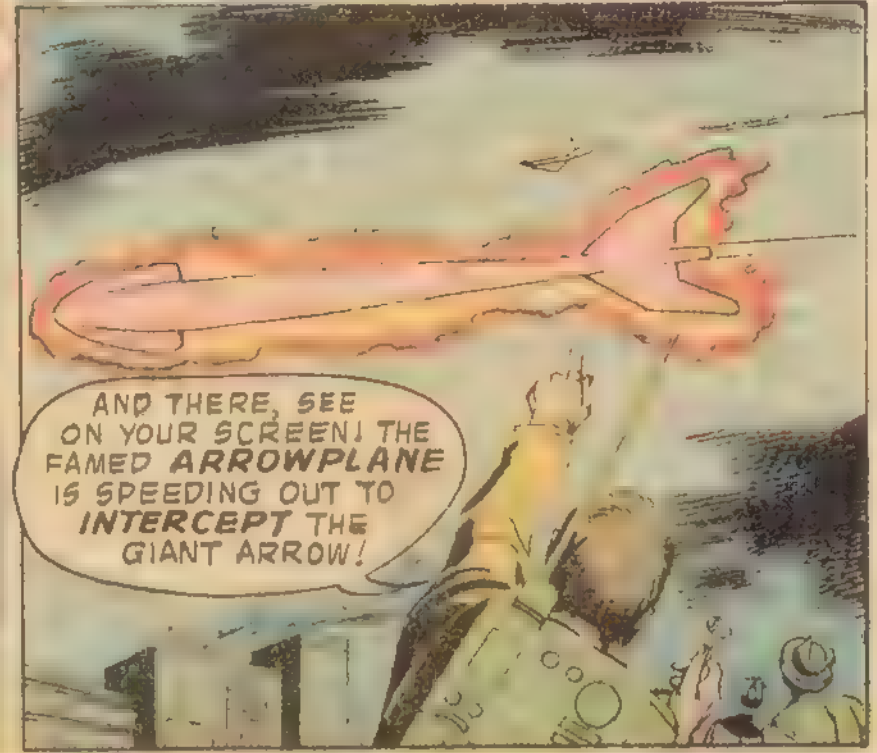
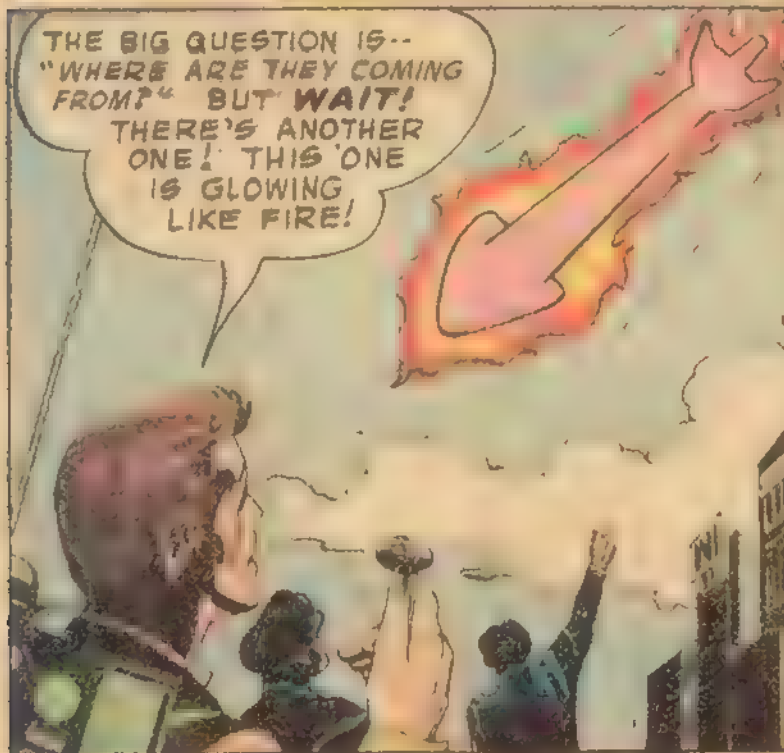
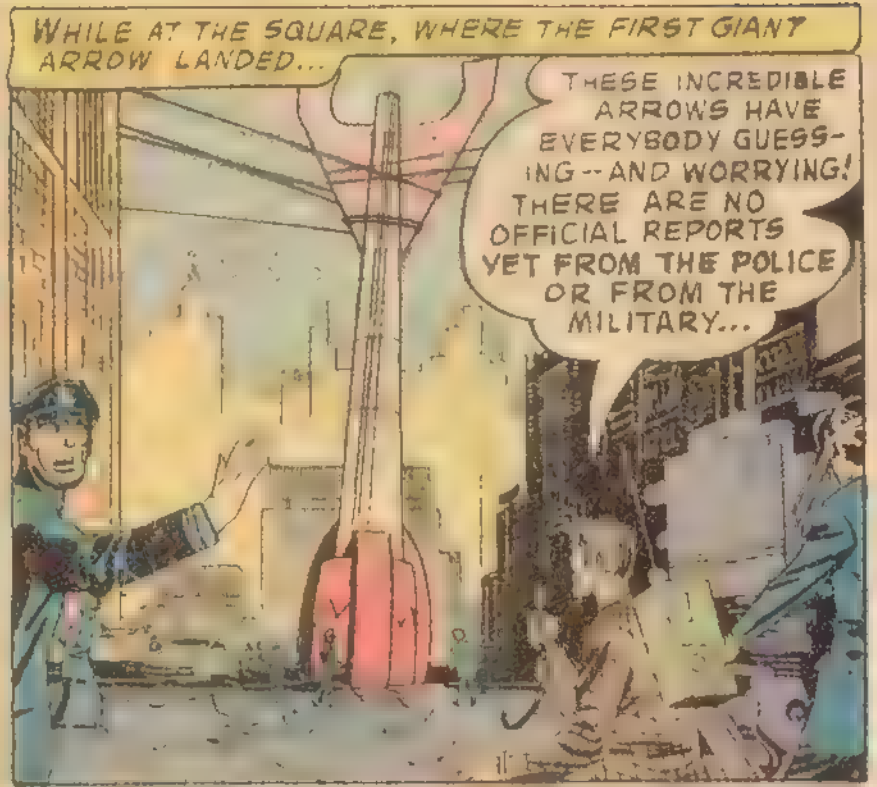
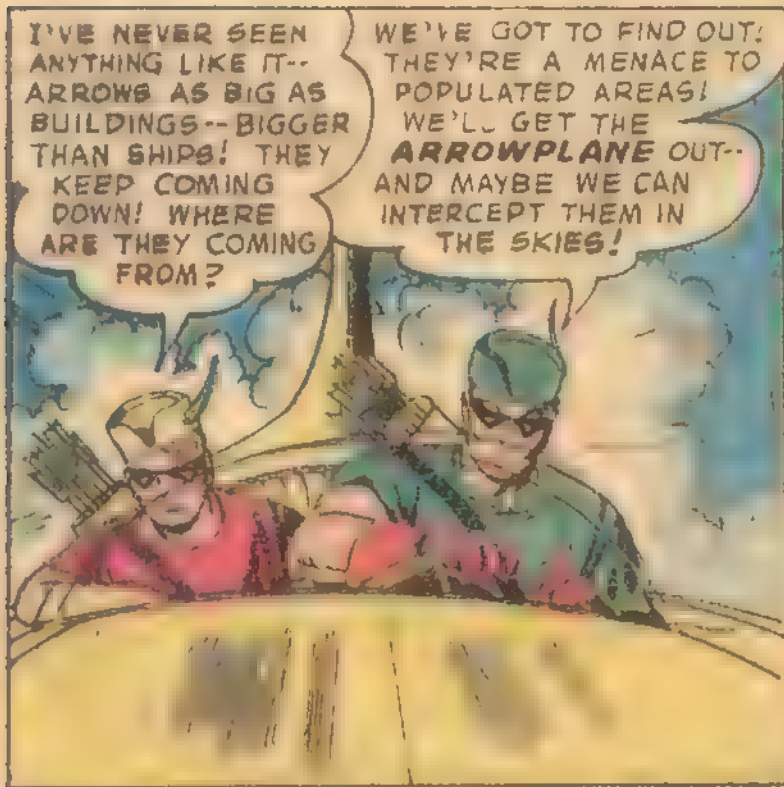
YOU HIT
IT, G.A.--BUT
WILL IT SHUNT
IT AWAY FROM
THE
FREIGHTER?

IT HAD
BETTER! THERE'S
NO TIME FOR
MORE ARROWS!

IT MISSED,
G.A.! IT
MISSED!

KAWASH

GIANT *ACTION* COMICS





GREEN ARROW



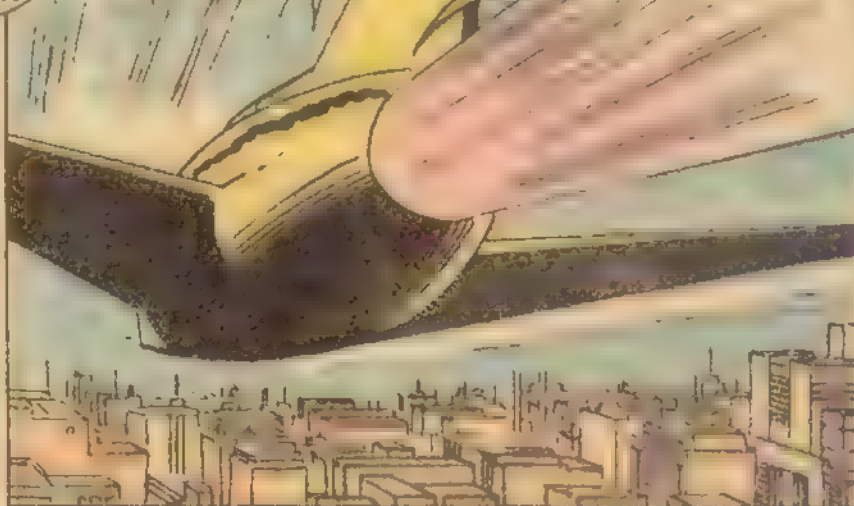
AND WHEN THE DANGEROUS "METEORITES" HAVE BEEN REDUCED TO HARMLESS PARTICLES...

DO YOU THINK THE BIG ARROWS ARE FORERUNNERS FOR SOME SORT OF ATTACK? AND IF SO, AN ATTACK BY WHOM?

WE STILL DON'T KNOW ANY MORE THAN WE DID AT FIRST... WAIT--THERE'S A MESSAGE COMING OVER THE RADIO...

CALLING GREEN ARROW! CALLING GREEN ARROW! PROFESSOR RIGGLES WANTS YOU AT HIS OBSERVATORY AT ONCE! URGENT... URGENT...

PROF. RIGGLES IS THE ONE WHO HAS HELPED THE POLICE ON SO MANY CASES, SPEEDY! WE'LL LAND AT ONCE, AND SEE HIM!

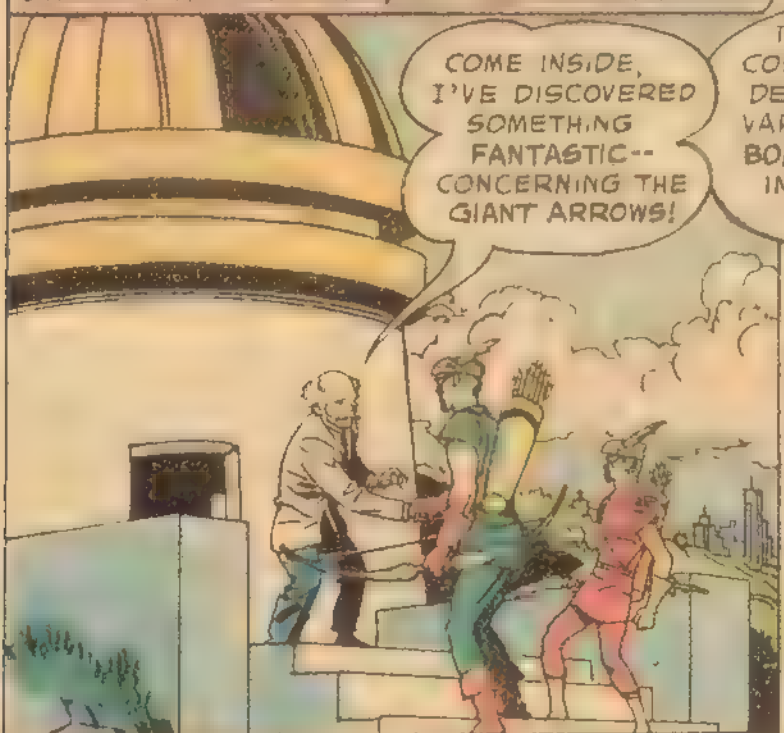


SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, AT THE OBSERVATORY.

INSIDE...

COME INSIDE, I'VE DISCOVERED SOMETHING FANTASTIC-- CONCERNING THE GIANT ARROWS!

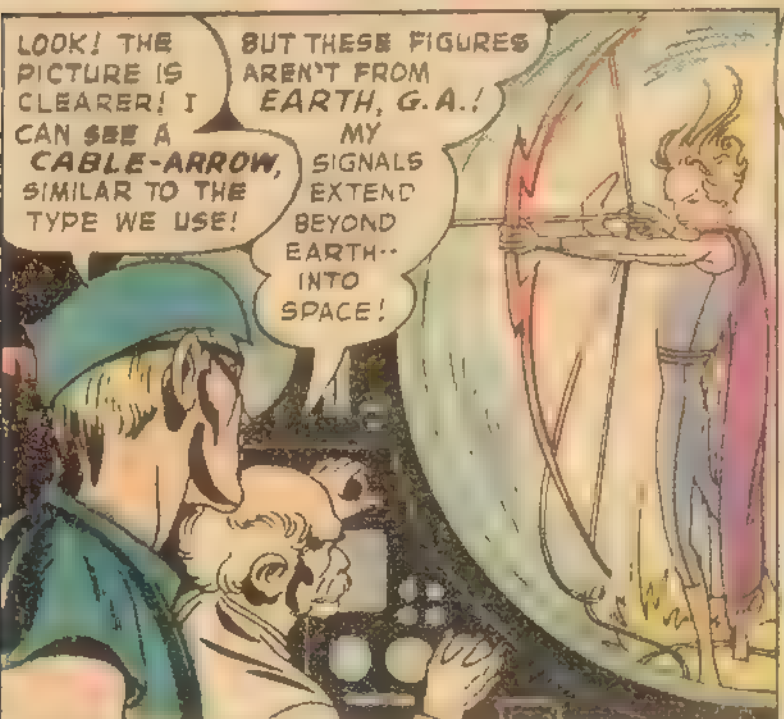
THIS IS MY NEW COSMO-RADAR SET, DESIGNED TO PICK UP VARIATIONS IN COSMIC-RAY BOMBARDMENTS! BUT INSTEAD, LOOK WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN!



PEOPLE-- WITH BOWS!

LOOK! THE PICTURE IS CLEARER! I CAN SEE A CABLE-ARROW, SIMILAR TO THE TYPE WE USE!

BUT THESE FIGURES AREN'T FROM EARTH, G.A.! MY SIGNALS EXTEND BEYOND EARTH-- INTO SPACE!

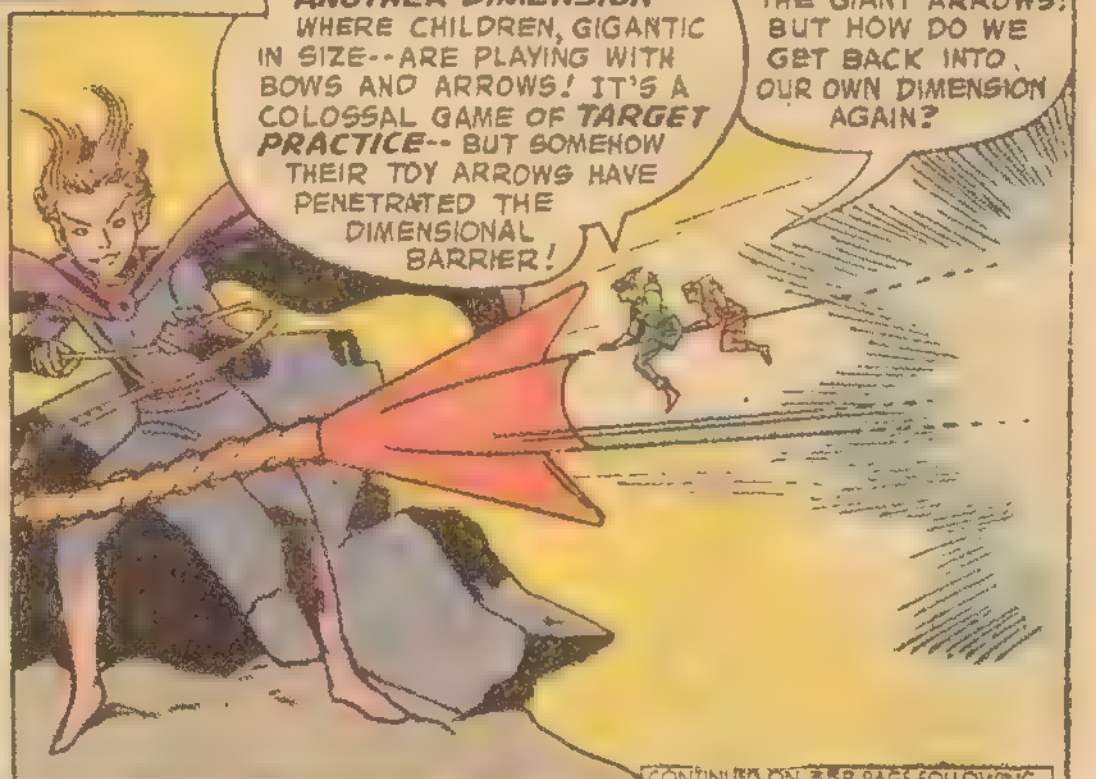
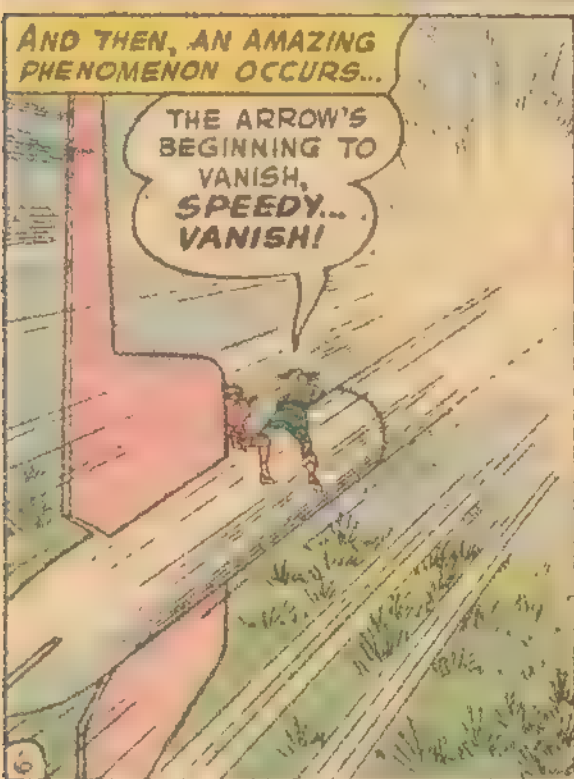
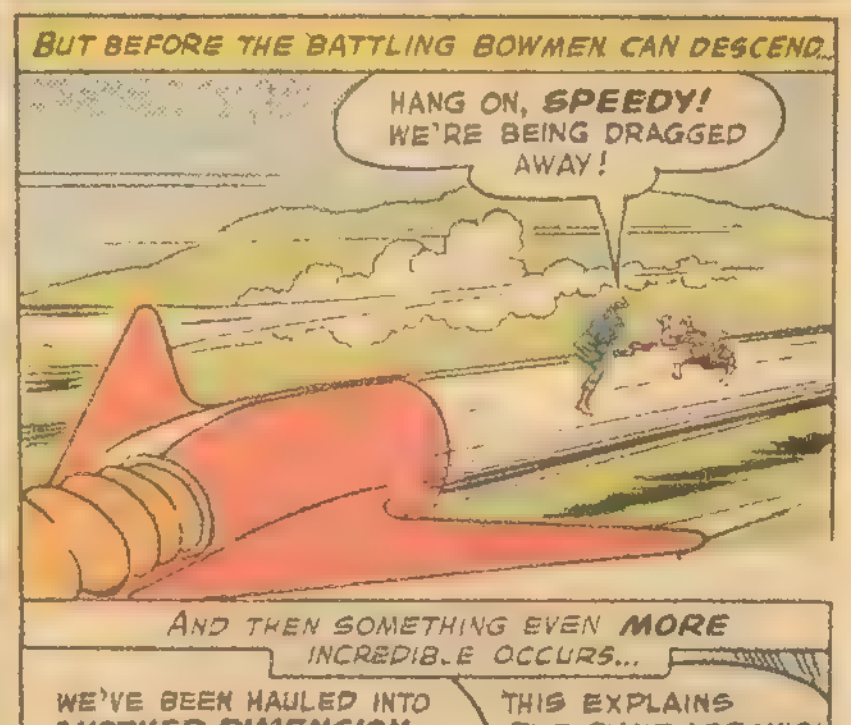
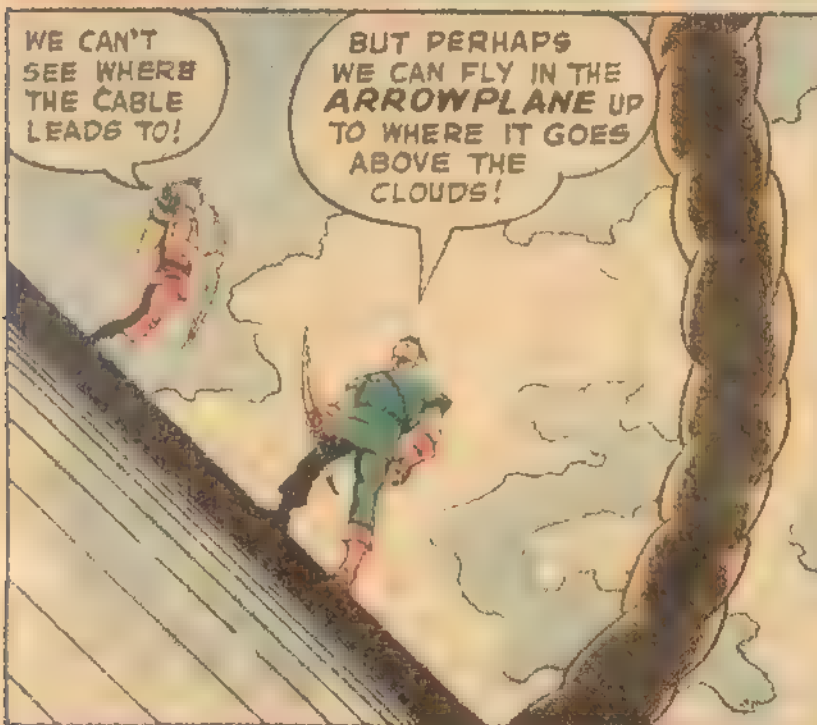
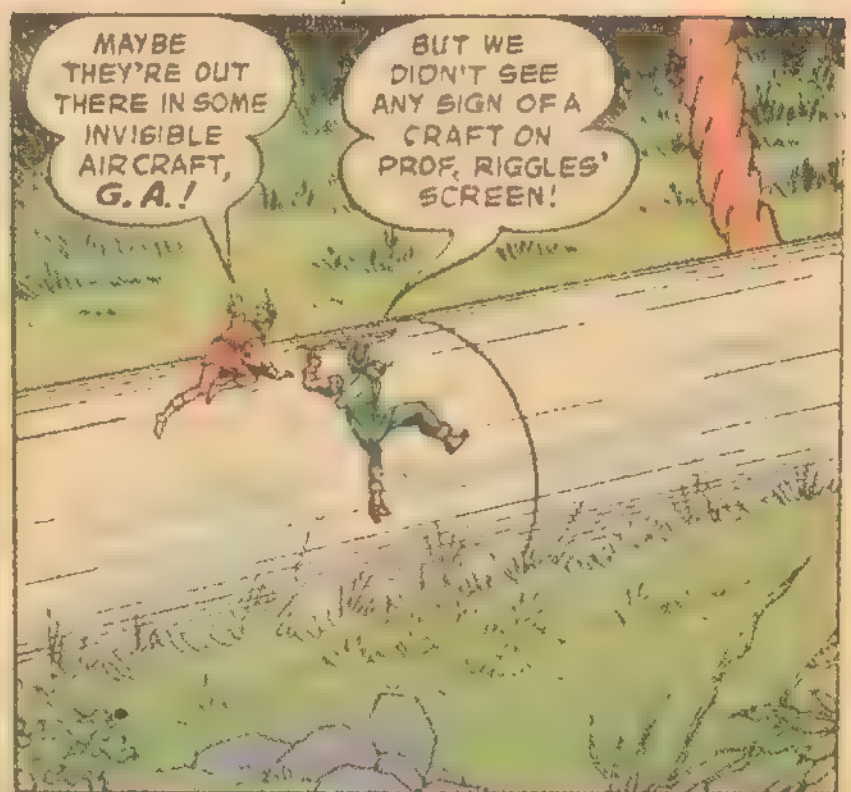
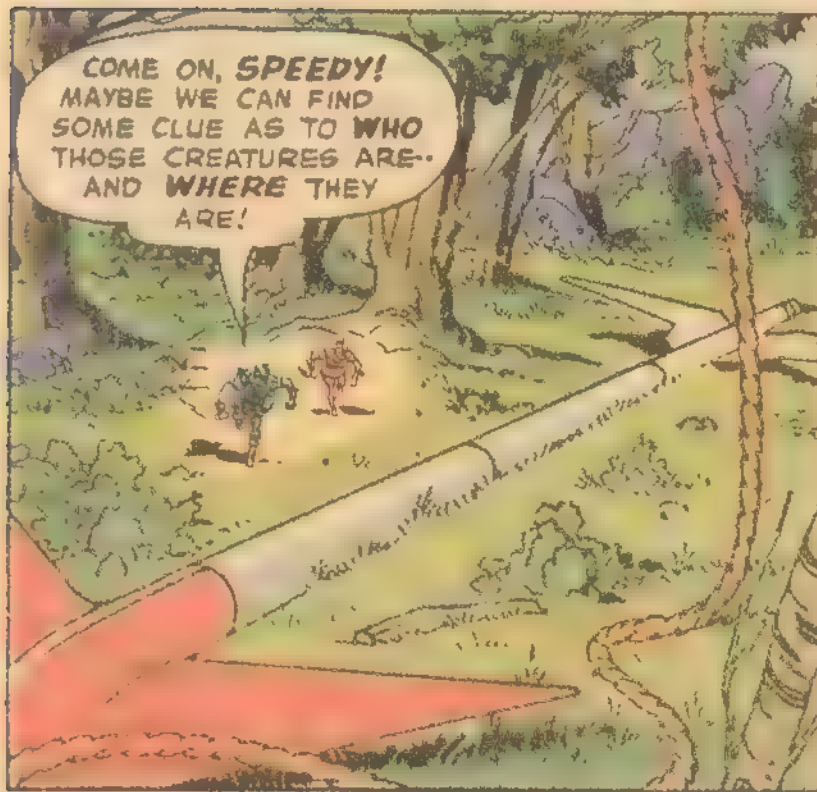


LOOK! ONE OF THE FIGURES JUST FIRED THE CABLE-ARROW!

AND SEE-- OUT THERE! THERE IT IS-- LANDING OUT THERE!



GIANT ACTION COMICS



CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING.

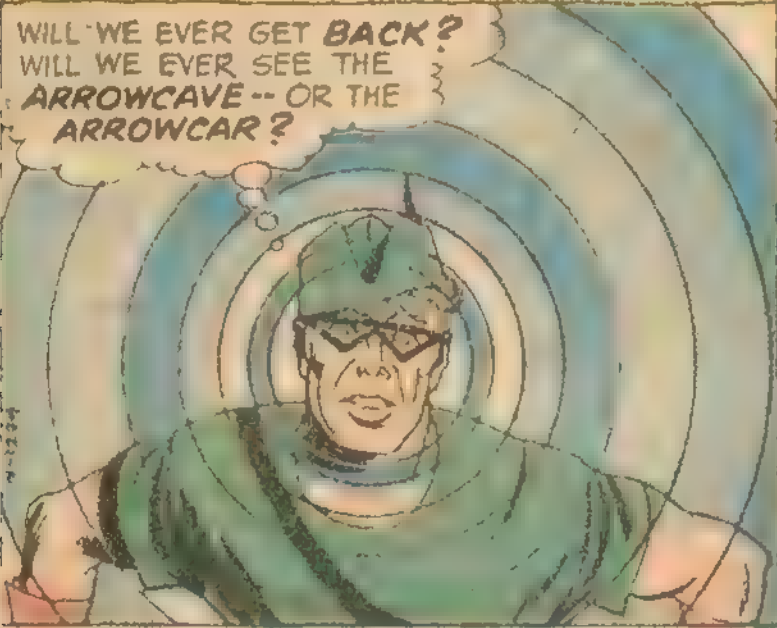


GREEN ARROW

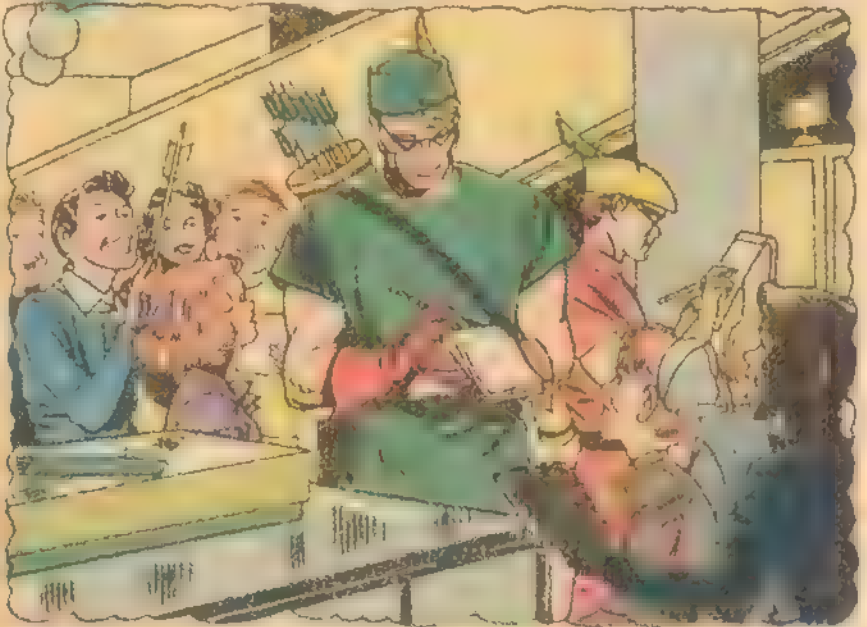


AS THE **GREEN ARROW** FACES THE UNKNOWN, IN SPLIT SECONDS PAST ADVENTURES RACE THROUGH HIS MIND, THE WAY A DROWNING MAN REVIEWS HIS PAST LIFE AS HE GOES DOWN FOR THE FINAL TIME...

WILL WE EVER GET **BACK**?
WILL WE EVER SEE THE
ARROWCAVE--OR THE
ARROWCAR?

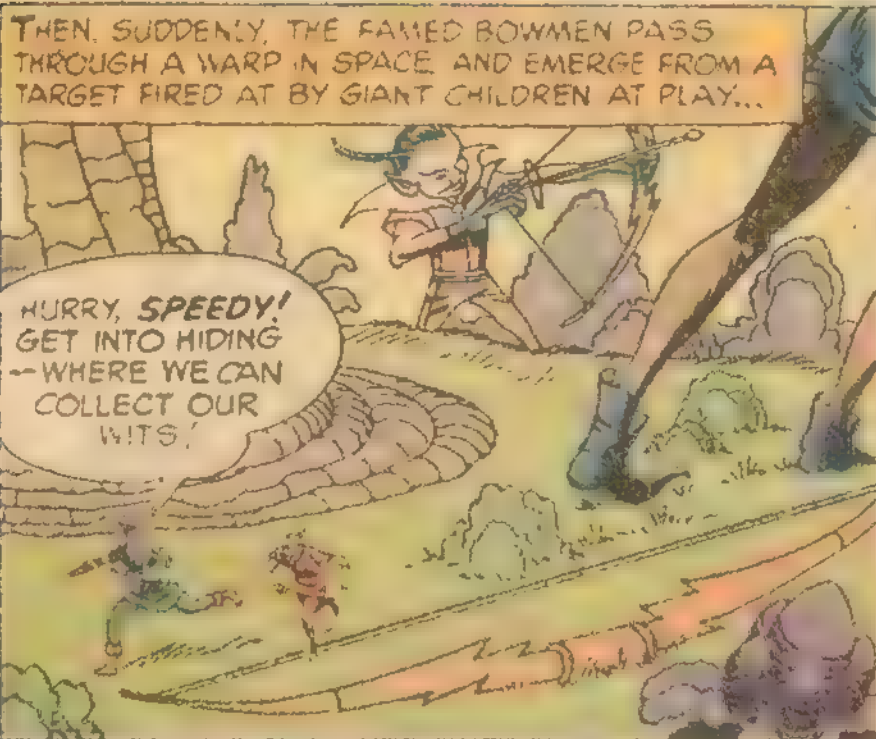


"WILL WE SEE THOSE DAYS AGAIN WHEN KIDS FLOCKED AROUND US IN DEPARTMENT STORES, ASKED FOR OUR AUTOGRAPHS, AND PLAYED WITH THE **GREEN ARROW** TOY ARROW KIT?"



THEN, SUDDENLY, THE FAMED BOWMEN PASS THROUGH A WARP IN SPACE AND EMERGE FROM A TARGET FIRED AT BY GIANT CHILDREN AT PLAY...

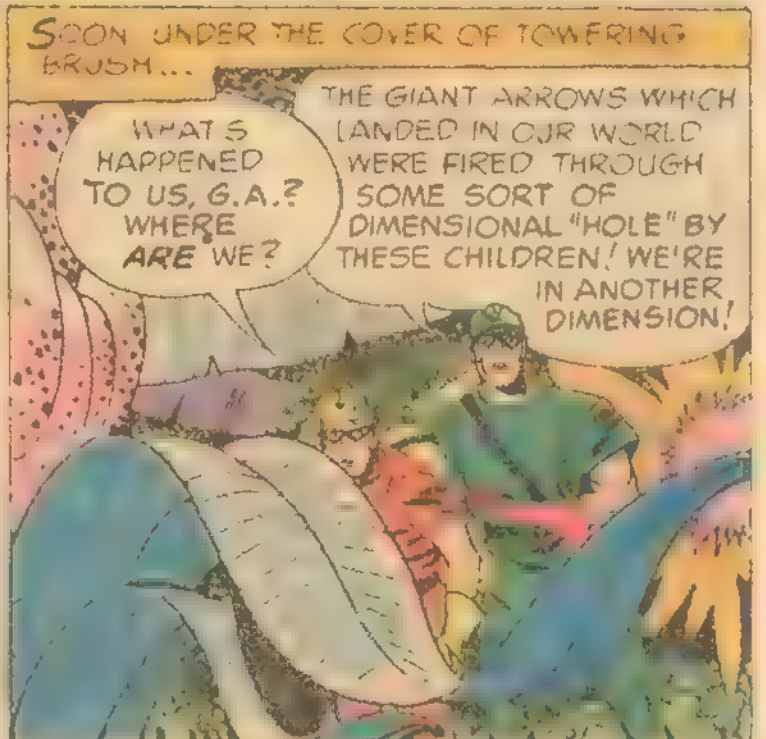
HURRY, **SPEEDY**!
GET INTO HIDING
--WHERE WE CAN
COLLECT OUR
WITS!



SOON UNDER THE COVER OF TOWERING BRUSH...

WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO US, G.A.?
WHERE
ARE WE?

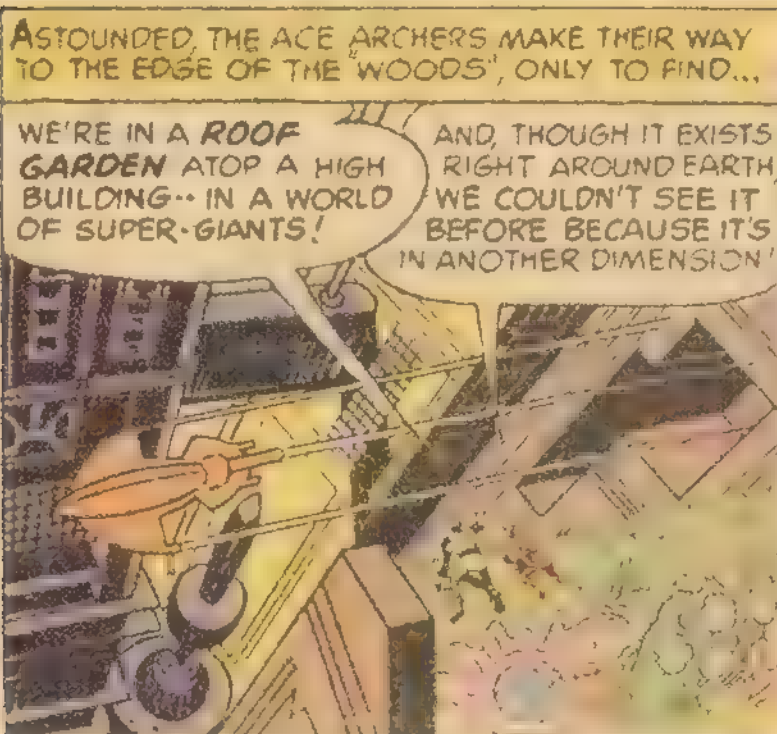
THE GIANT ARROWS WHICH
LANDED IN OUR WORLD
WERE FIRED THROUGH
SOME SORT OF
DIMENSIONAL "HOLE" BY
THESE CHILDREN! WE'RE
IN ANOTHER
DIMENSION!



ASTOUNDED, THE ACE ARCHERS MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE EDGE OF THE 'WOODS', ONLY TO FIND...

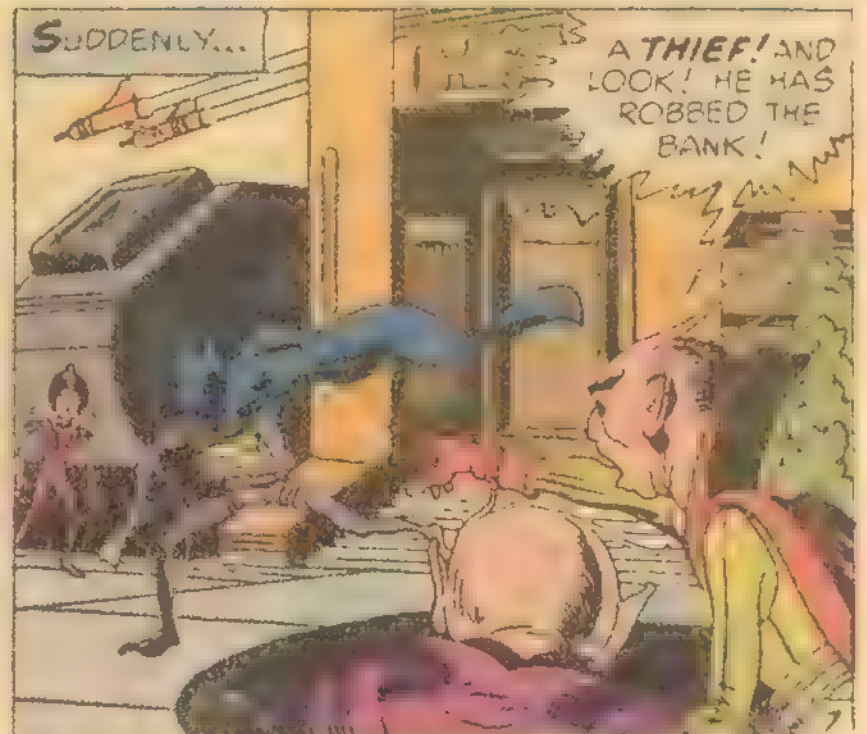
WE'RE IN A **ROOF GARDEN** ATOP A HIGH BUILDING--IN A WORLD OF SUPER-GIANTS!

AND, THOUGH IT EXISTS
RIGHT AROUND EARTH,
WE COULDN'T SEE IT
BEFORE BECAUSE IT'S
IN ANOTHER DIMENSION!



SUDDENLY...

A **THIEF**! AND
LOOK! HE HAS
ROBBED THE
BANK!



GIANT ACTION COMICS

I CAN'T HEAR THEM, **SPEEDY!** YET INSIDE MY BRAIN I HEAR A VOICE SHOUTING THAT A THIEF IS STEALING SOMETHING! THESE PEOPLE "SPEAK" A **MENTAL LANGUAGE** — A SORT OF "TELEPATHY."

G.A.!
LOOK!

THERE HE COMES!
XEEN ARROW!

XEEN ARROW? HE SEEMS TO BE AN IMITATION OF YOU, G.A.!

BUT WHAT AN IMITATION! HE'S AT LEAST 50 FEET TALL! WE'LL HITCH A RIDE WITH HIM -- AND SEE IF HE CAN USE OUR HELP!

THEN, WHEN THE TINY BOWMEN LEAP ONTO THE GIANT ARCHER'S QUIVER...

XEEN ARROW! I'LL FIX YOU!

THE CROOK'S FIRING A **RAY-GUN!** WHAT CAN WE -- OR EVEN **XEEN ARROW** -- DO WITH BOW AND ARROW?

SPLAT!

THE FABULOUSLY LARGE BOW SUPPLIES THE ANSWER, AS IT FIRES ONE ARROW, WHICH BREAKS INTO **FOUR** MORE!

ONE ARROW IS SHOOTING A "SMOKE SCREEN" AROUND THE THIEF'S EYES... SO HE CAN'T SEE **XEEN ARROW!** THE OTHER GOT THE **RAY-GUN!**

BUT WHAT WILL THE **OTHER TWO** ARROWS DO?

SPEEDY'S QUESTION IS ANSWERED QUICKLY, AS THE **CHAIN-ARROW** WHIRLS AROUND THE OUTLAWS UPLIFTED HANDS...

LOOK! IT'S WRAPPING AROUND HIS WRISTS!

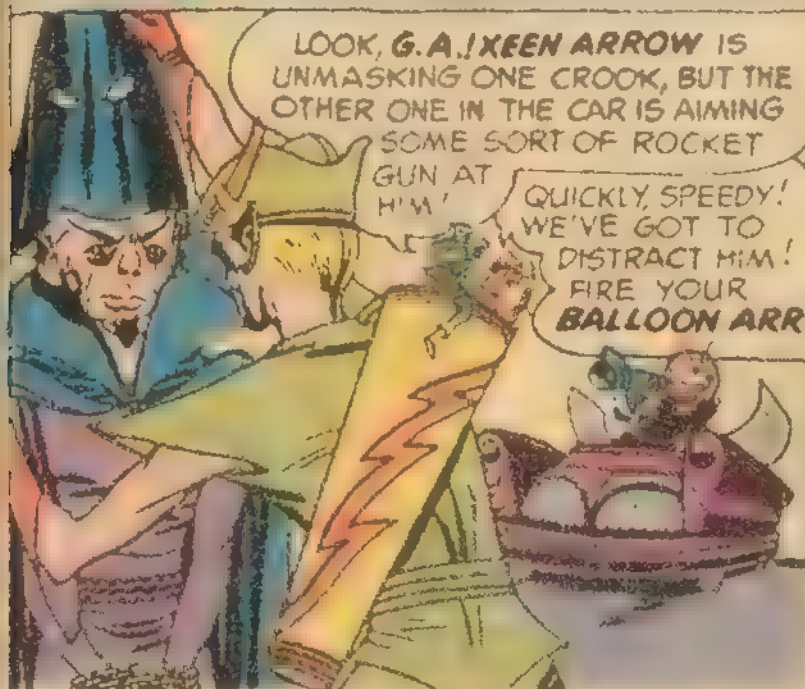
AND THAT ARROW IS LIKE OUR **ACETYLENE-ARROW!** IT'S "WELDING" THE CHAIN TOGETHER WITH A COLD, HARMLESS, HEAT!



GREEN ARROW



BUT, THE NEXT MOMENT, THE GIANT ARCHER IN DIMENSION ZERO FACES NEW PERIL...

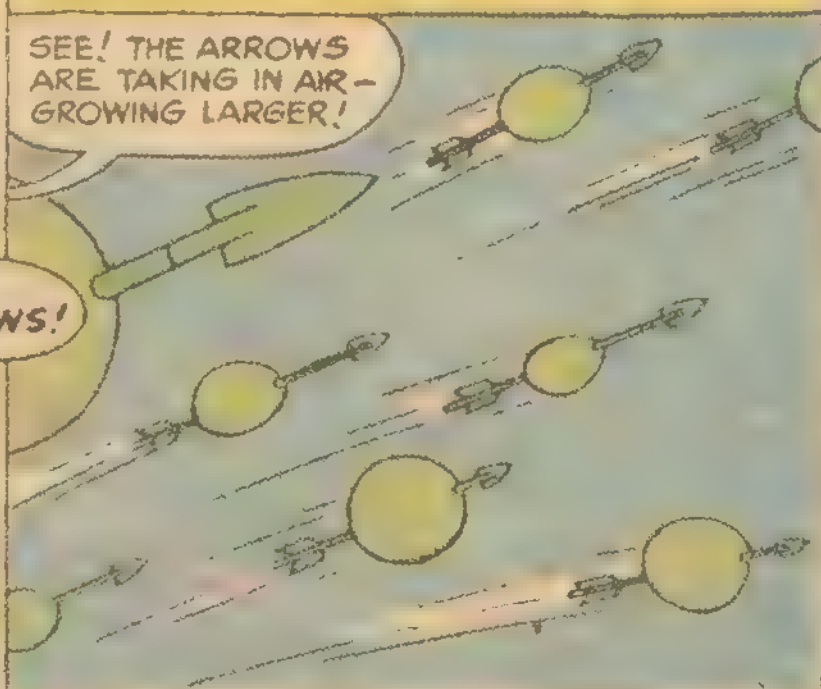


LOOK, G.A. **XEEN ARROW** IS UNMASKING ONE CROOK, BUT THE OTHER ONE IN THE CAR IS AIMING SOME SORT OF ROCKET GUN AT HIM!

QUICKLY, SPEEDY! WE'VE GOT TO DISTRACT HIM! FIRE YOUR **BALLOON ARROWS!**

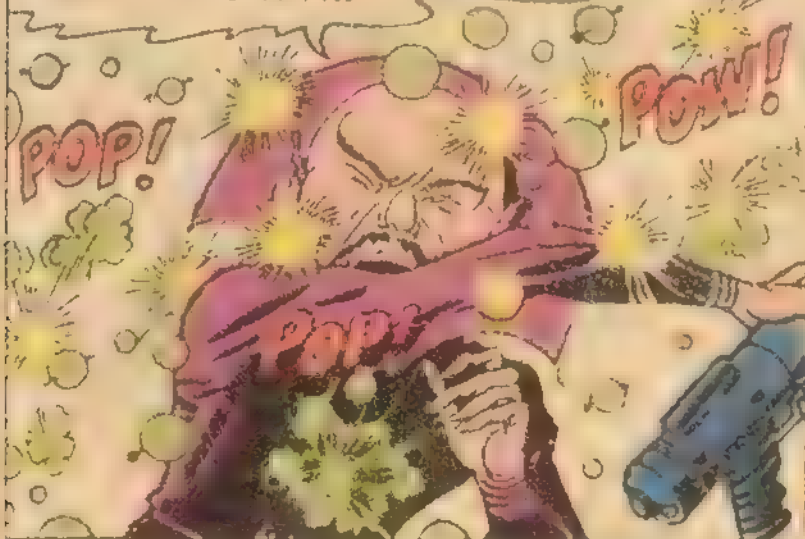
THE TINY MISSILES SPEED TOWARD THEIR MARK, EXPANDING AS THEY ZIP THROUGH THE AIR...

SEE! THE ARROWS ARE TAKING IN AIR-GROWING LARGER!



LARGER AND LARGER THEY GROW, UNTIL REACHING THE BURSTING STAGE...

WHAT MAGIC IS THIS? I DIDN'T EVEN SEE **XEEN ARROW** PULL HIS BOWSTRING! YET...

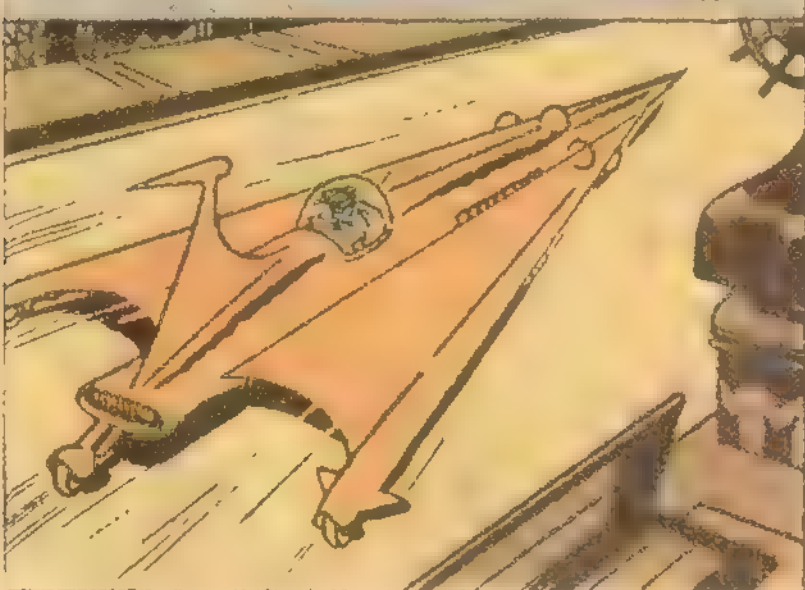


AND IN THAT SPLIT SECOND, **XEEN ARROW** FINDS TIME TO FIRE A HAIL OF **PLASTIC-NET ARROWS!**

LOOK AT **THOSE** FANTASTIC ARROWS! THEY'VE TRAPPED THE SECOND CROOK IN SOME GUMMY SUBSTANCE!

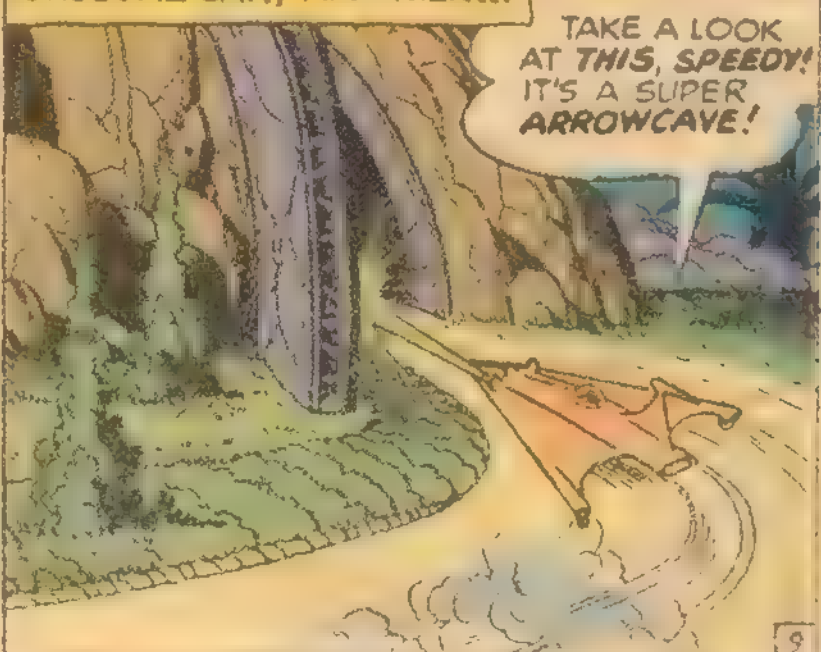


AND WITH THE OUTLAWS OF THIS STRANGE DIMENSION CAPTURED, **XEEN ARROW** SPEEDS AWAY IN HIS VERSION OF AN **ARROWCAR**-- UNWARE OF HIS TWO TINY PASSENGERS...



DEEP INTO THE TOWERING HILLS SPEEDS THE UNUSUAL CAR, AND THEN...

TAKE A LOOK AT **THIS, SPEEDY!** IT'S A SUPER **ARROWCAVE!**



GIANT ACTION COMICS

A SHORT WHILE LATER, WHEN **XEEN ARROW** ASSUMES HIS OTHER IDENTITY--THAT OF A LEADING SCIENTIST...

WELL, WELL! WHAT HAVE WE **HERE?** TINY PEOPLE-- ARCHERS SUCH AS I! YOU MUST BE THE ONES WHO HELPED ME AT THE ROBBERY! WHERE DO YOU HAIL FROM?

THOUGHT IS OUR ONLY COMMUNICATION WITH YOU! WE CAME FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION -- HAULED HERE BY A GIANT ROPE ARROW!

INDEED! THAT EXPLAINS WHAT HAPPENED TO THE ARROWS OUR CHILDREN USE FROM THEIR **XEEN ARROW** PLAY KITS! THE TOY ARROWS THEY FIRED VANISHED INTO YOUR DIMENSION!

BUT WAIT! YOU WILL BE TRAPPED! HERE FOREVER UNLESS WE CAN GET YOU BACK TO YOUR OWN DIMENSION -- WITHIN **SECONDS!** IT'S BECAUSE OF THE **COMET!**

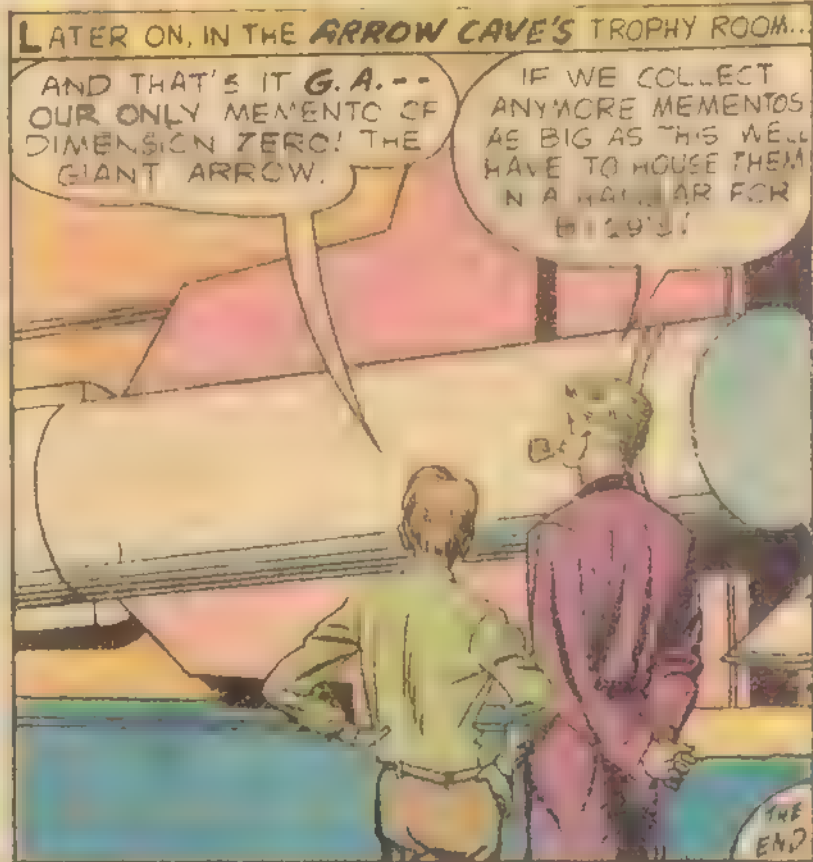
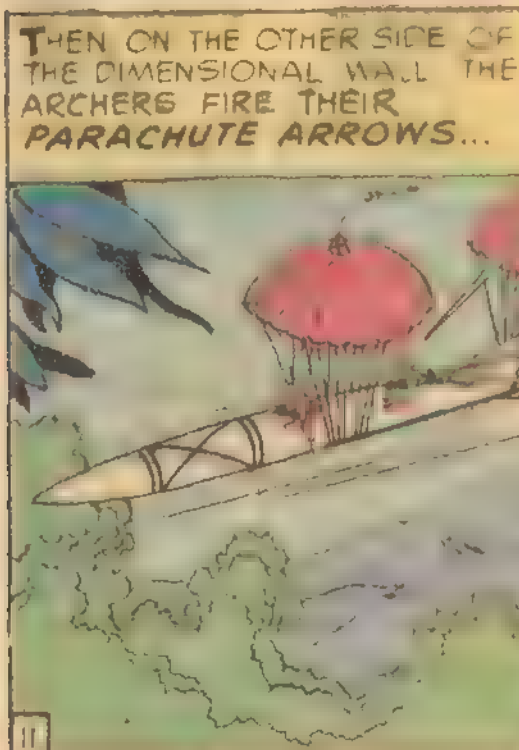
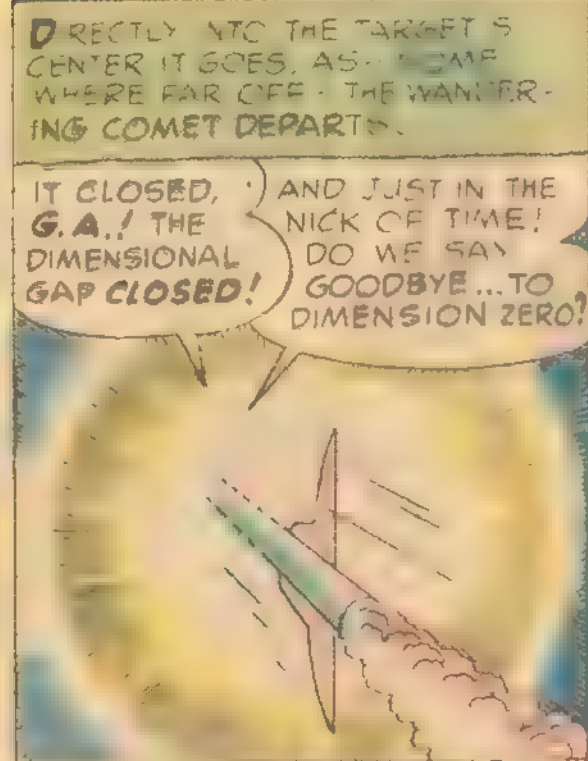
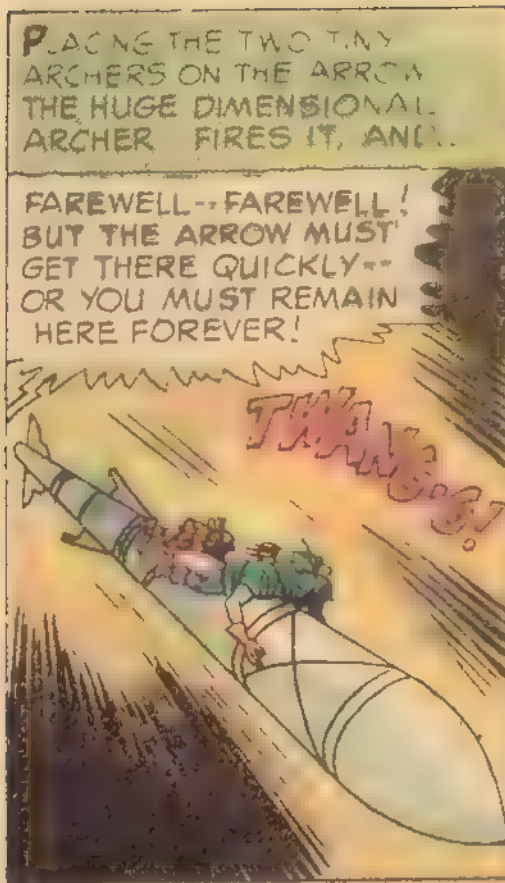
THE **COMET?**

YES, A WANDERING COMET ORBITED TOO CLOSE TO US AND CAUSED UNUSUAL REACTIONS ON OUR LIGHT-O-SCOPES...

IF COMET DRAWS CLOSER! OUR LIGHT-O-SCOPES! OBSERVE! AN ALIEN LIGHT IS AFFECTING THEM-- SUCH AS A LIGHT FROM AN UNKNOWN STAR!

THE ALIEN LIGHT MUST'VE BEEN FROM YOUR DIMENSION! TELL ME WHERE YOU ENTERED! I MUST GET YOU BACK THERE AT ONCE -- BEFORE THE COMET DEPARTS--AND CLOSES THE DIMENSIONAL GAP!

WE CAME IN THROUGH A TARGET ON THE ROOF GARDEN!



ORIGINAL DIALOGUE TO COMEDY COVER CAPERS

FROM PAGE 32





NOW THAT YOU'VE READ ABOUT **GREEN ARROW'S** ADVENTURE IN **DIMENSION, ZERO** AND SEEN SOME OF THE FANTASTIC ARROWS HE'S USED, WE THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE A FURTHER LOOK AT...

GREEN ARROW'S

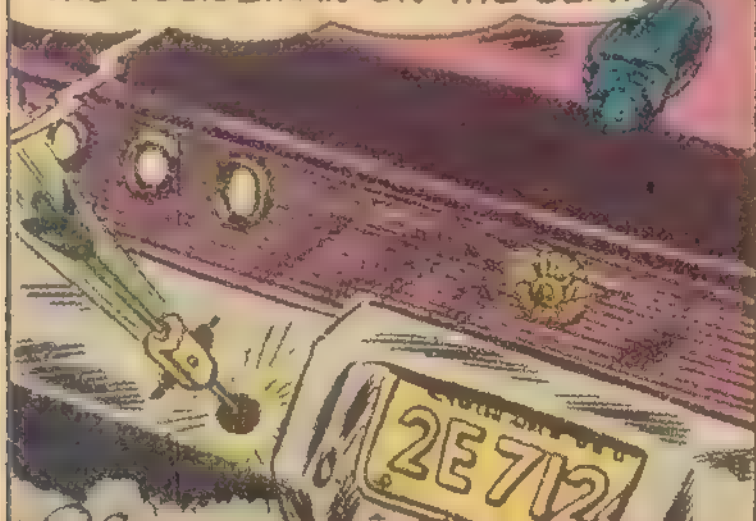
THANKS FOR THE INTRO, **SUPES!** MY QUIVER WAS A REGULAR **BAG OF TRICKS** BACK IN THE DAYS BEFORE I CHANGED COSTUMES AND GREW MY BEARD!

F' RINSTANCE, I USED TO FIRE MY **RADAR ARROW** AT GETAWAY CARS...AND MY **FLARE ARROW** BRIGHTENED EVEN THE DARKEST DAYS OF MY CAREER!



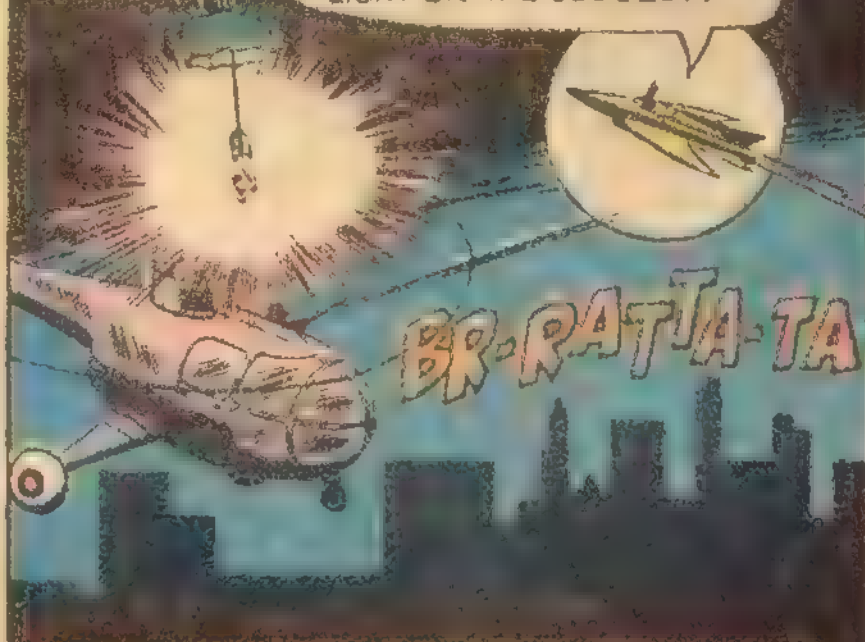
N-1208

ITS SIGNAL CAN BE PICKED UP ON THE **ARROW-CAR'S** SPECIAL RADIO! IT'LL LEAD US TO WHEREVER THEY GO, AFTER WE TURN THEIR PALS OVER TO THE POLICEMAN ON THE BEAT!



FROM "THE TOO-OLD HERO" -- **WORLD'S FINEST** #128, SEPT., 1962.

THIS **FLARE ARROW** WILL THROW A LITTLE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT!



THE RAID OF THE **VULTURE-MAN** -- **WF** # 95, MAR. - APR. 1958.

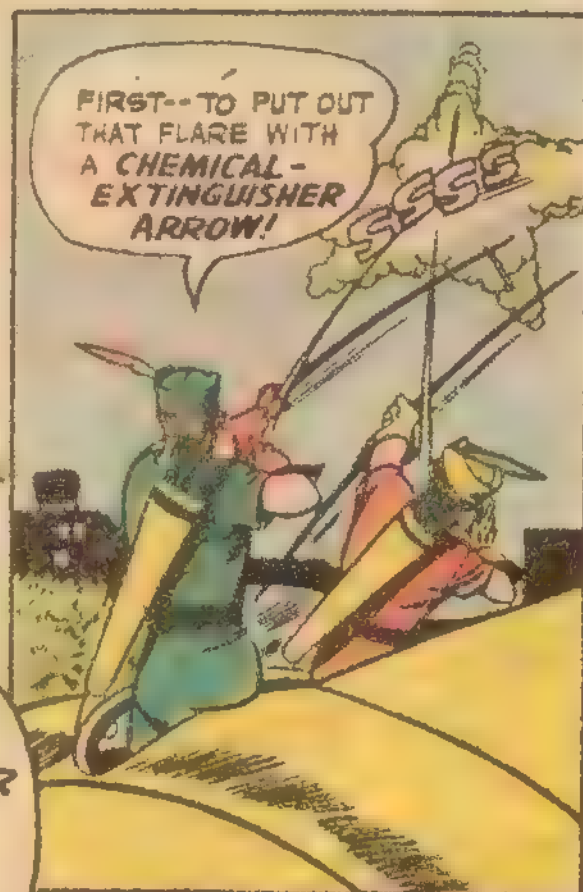
G.A.! OUR MAGNETIC SHAFTS HAVE PULLED THAT IRON STATUE OFF BALANCE!

QUICK, **SPEEDY**-- STEEL LARIATS ATTACHED TO **ROCKET ARROWS**... OUR ONLY CHANCE!

CHECK, **GA!** BUT SOMETIMES OUR ARROWS WORKED JUST A LITTLE **TOO** WELL--LIKE THE TIME WE USED OUR **MAGNET ARROWS** TO MOVE BACK THE HANDS ON A CLOCK!

AND IT'S A GOOD THING OUR **EXTINGUISHER ARROW** IS CAPABLE OF PUTTING OUT OUR **FLARE ARROW!**

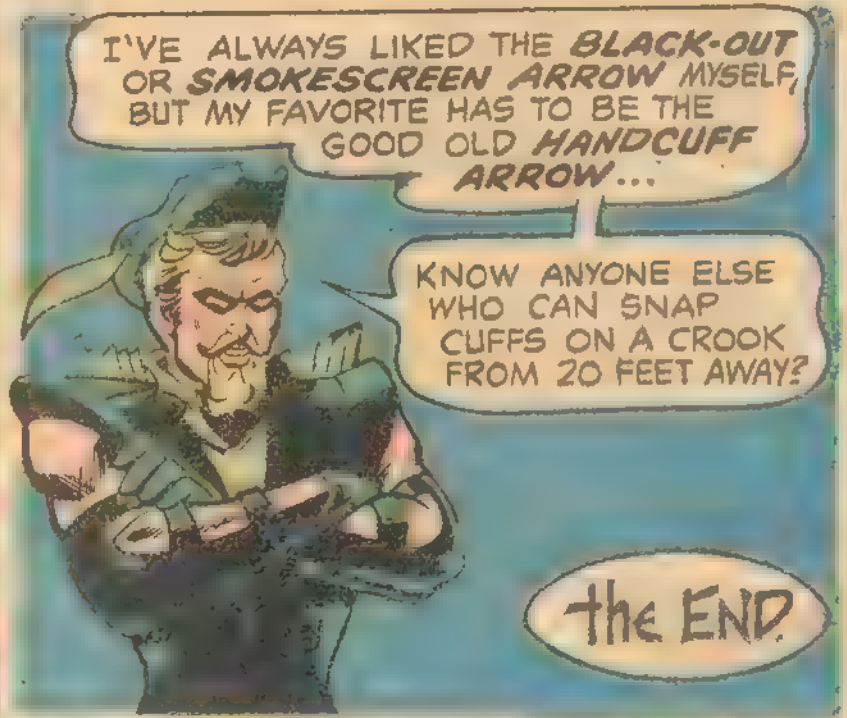
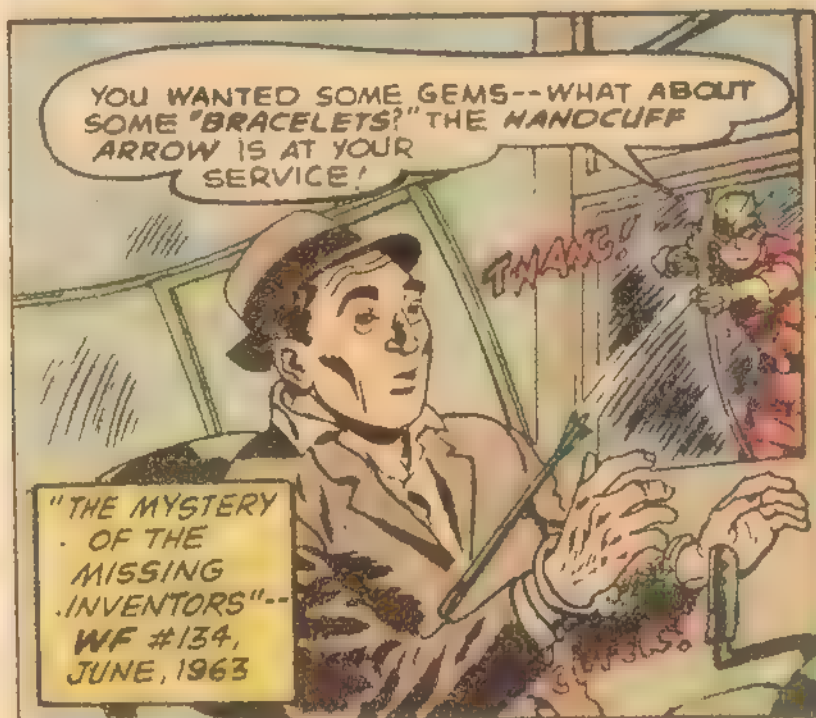
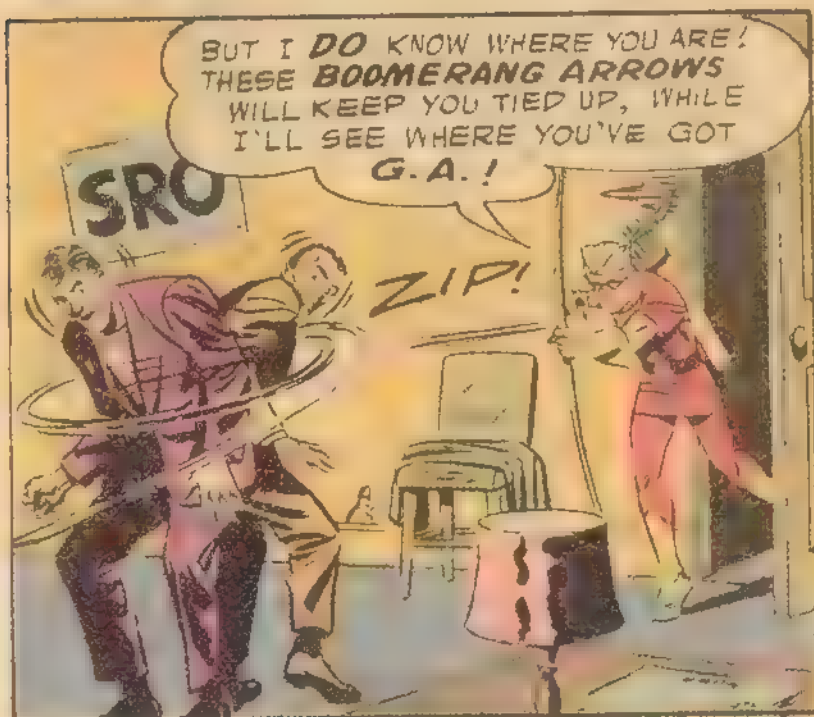
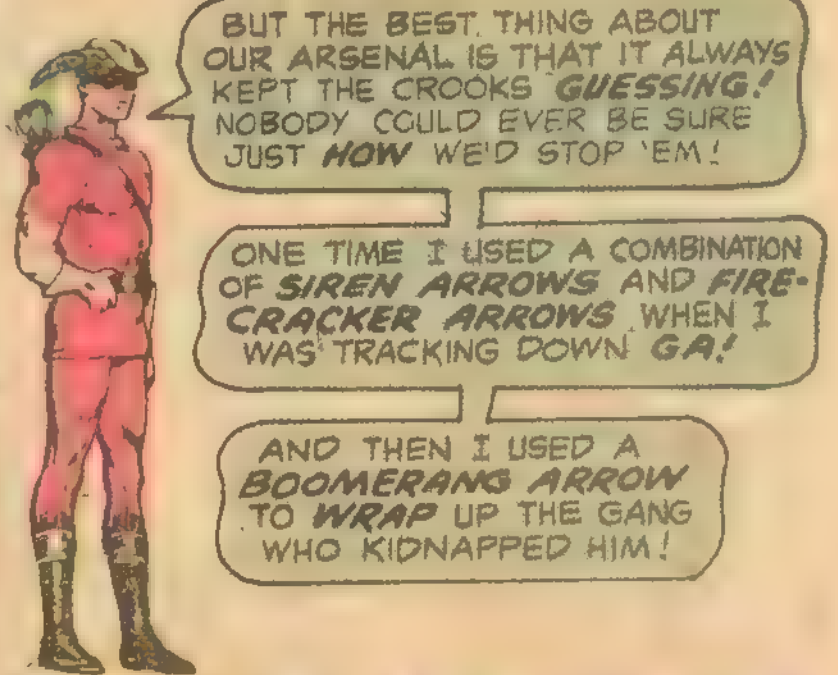
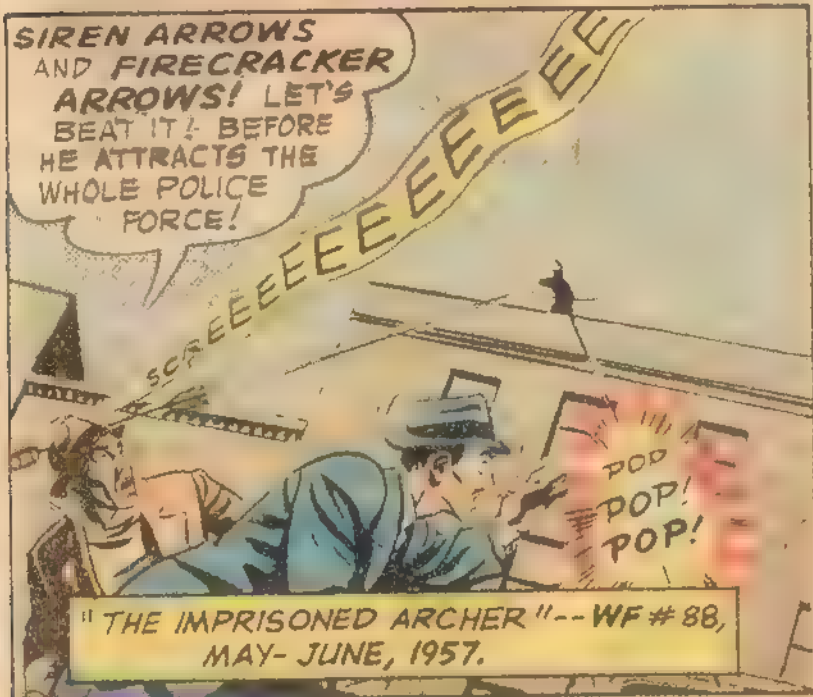
FIRST--TO PUT OUT THAT FLARE WITH A **CHEMICAL-EXTINGUISHER ARROW!**

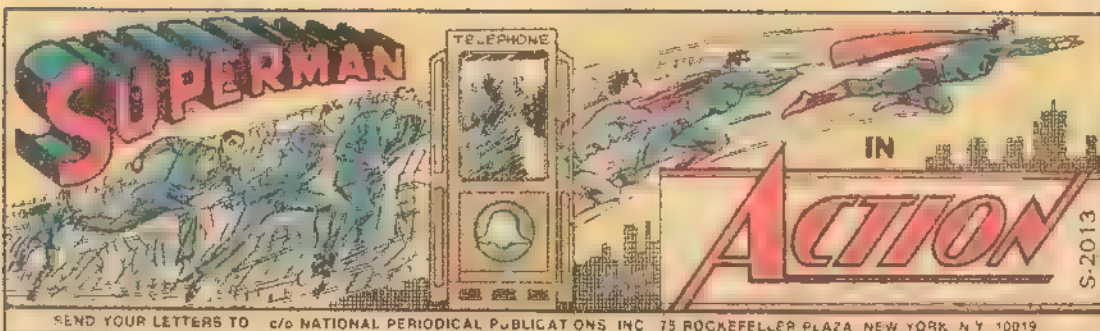


"THE CHAIN-LETTER ARROWS"-- **WF** #91, NOV. - DEC., 1957.

"1,000 ARROWS OF DOOM"-- **WF** #86, JAN. - FEB., 1957.

AMAZING ARSENAL!





SEND YOUR LETTERS TO c/o NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS INC 75 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA NEW YORK N.Y. 10019

Dear Editor:

Action #445 was a real, but pleasant, surprise, with the unexpected reappearance of Gregory Reed! When I saw the Nick Cardy cover (wow! I love the way he draws Lois!), I wondered just how the "Superman double" routine would be presented this time. Cary Bates deserves a round of applause for his surprise use of Gregory Reed in Count Ten, Superman—and Die!

I especially enjoyed Mr Bates' use of Clark Kent. The scene on page 11 was simply hysterical, and kudos should go also to Curt Swan and Kurt Schaffenberger for their artwork on the story. It has got to capture the Best Story of the Year award, especially with the inclusion of the **Superman Revenge Squad!**

As for the **Green Arrow-Black Canary** team-up: "Find Black Canary, Dead... or Alive" was on the borderline between superb and excellent! Mike Grell's artwork never ceases to amaze me, and his assisting Elliot S. Maggin with the script was the topping to the cake. Is there anything "Iron Mike" can't do? Whatever you do, keep him on **GA & BC**. He makes them what they are... the best action-filled back-up team to come 'round the pike in a long time!

Brian Scott, Streator, Ill

(Well, one thing "Iron Mike" **WON'T** do is challenge Muhammad Ali for the heavyweight championship!—E.N.B.)

.....

Dear Editor:

"Count Ten, Superman—and Die" gives me the inspiration to write this letter. When I read the title I assumed it would be a masterpiece. Boy, how right I was!

Not only does Cary bring back Greg Reed and the **Revenge Squad**, he also gives us a story with zing! Golly, gee whiz! This is all too great!

The second story shows how much **Green Arrow** is ready for his own magazine. The plot and dialogue ran smooth and sure. The art was good, but a little stiff.

Now for the letter column... When I showed my dog, **Rex**, the letters from Mr Thomas's dog, she didn't believe it. She said she's never met an intelligent dog that reads comic books. She further stated that any dog who'd read a comic had to have his water dish spiked! She believes somebody must be making up those letters, since

the vocabulary is not that of a juiced-up, retarded dog

James Hogan, Detroit, Mich.

P.S. Don't ask about the sex of Rex! It's a **LONG** story!

(If your pooch is so disdainful of comic books what does she read—Albert Payson Terhune? Or Snoopy? And say—here comes that other dog's master now!—E.N.B.)

.....

Dear Editor

Action #445 commenced with a simple, eye-catching cover that seemed to capture the general excellence of an issue that was truly **mirabile visu**. The worst thing about the cover, however, was that it was misleading. My first assumption was, "Uh-oh! A real **Superman** and a phony, both after Lois! It'll wind up with a fight!" But you can't judge a book by its cover!

As much as I admire the man, Cary Bates tickles me with his undying "How can this be happening" gimmicks. They're pretty funny and with the infinite creativity buzzing in his head, I can't even begin to imagine how Cary will explain it.

"Count Ten, Superman—and Die" not only had a title that has to rank among the ten catchiest, but a very good story that again increases my delight with the adventures of **Superman**.

After a six-year absence, I would think it's about time the **Superman Revenge Squad** returned to pester **Supes**. I see they dropped the glowing green "S" insignia that represented **Kryptonite** from their uniforms—logical, since K's no longer my main man's Achilles' heel, but I did sorta miss it.

I don't think you should have brought back Gregory Reed, though. I preferred him as the tragic figure stereotyped in the role of **Superman**, since that held true to the late George Reeves.

The **Green Arrow** story was, in a word, great. Elliot and Mike have captured the **GA** I have always visualized. Keep it up!

Clint "Buc" Thomas, Oak Hill, W.Va

(And thanks to you, Buc, for the phone call on Jan 13, the 11th anniversary of my first day with DC. Nice to know someone remembered!)

Before signing off, the **GREEN ARROW** tale this issue originally appeared in two parts in **ADVENTURE** # 252 and 253, Sept. and Oct., 1958. "The Atomic Flea" is from **THE ATOM** #18, Apr.-May, 1965.—E. NELSON BRIDWELL

THE ATOM

WHEN IS A MAN TWO MEN? WHEN HE IS **THE ATOM**--DOOMED TO TOIL AS A FLEA IN A FLEA CIRCUS--AND WHEN HE IS SIMULTANEOUSLY HIS OTHER SELF, RESEARCH SCIENTIST **RAY PALMER**, WORKING IN HIS **IVY UNIVERSITY** LABORATORY!

IMPOSSIBLE AS IT SEEMS, THAT IS THE PARADOXICAL SITUATION THAT IS UNFOLDED IN ...

THE ATOMIC FLEA!

STORY BY
GARDNER
FOX

ART BY
GIL KANE
&
SID
GREENE

JEAN LORING--
MY GIRL FRIEND!
SHE SEES ME AS
A FLEA--NOT AS
THE ATOM! SHE
DOESN'T REALIZE
THE TERRIBLE
FATE THAT HAS
HAPPENED TO
ME!





THE ATOM



A SURPRISE VISIT FROM A GOVERNMENT AGENT HAS RESEARCH SCIENTIST RAY (ATOM) PALMER HURRIEDLY PACKING A BRIEF FOR AN OVERNIGHT VISIT TO A NEARBY GOVERNMENT LABORATORY...

AND SO YOU AND THE OTHER SCIENTISTS WORKING ON PROJECT SPACESHOT-N ARE TO ATTEND A SECRET MEETING AT NUCLEAR LABORATORIES, ABOUT A THREE-HOUR DRIVE FROM HERE...



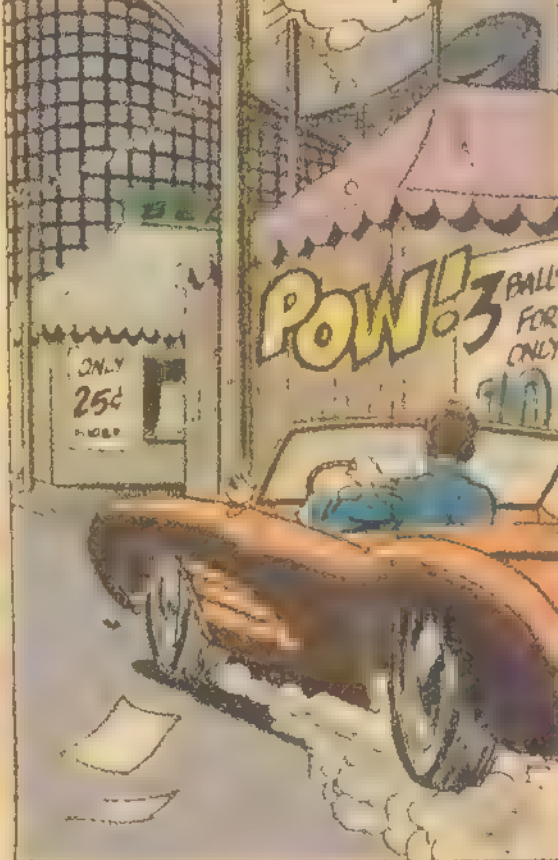
NATURALLY, YOU WON'T TELL ANYONE WHERE YOU'RE HEADED! IF YOU HAD SOMETHING ELSE LINED UP FOR THIS EVENING, MAKE UP A REASONABLE EXCUSE TO BREAK IT...

I'LL HAVE TO DO JUST THAT WITH JEAN LORING! I'LL USE MY OLD STAND-BY-- THAT I'M GOING TO WORK LATE TONIGHT!



HALF AN HOUR LATER, RAY IS DRIVING PAST AN AMUSEMENT AREA ON HIS WAY OUT OF IVY TOWN WHEN...

A GUNSHOT-- COMING FROM THAT AMUSEMENT ARCADE! IT COULD BE ONE OF THE EXHIBITS--EXCEPT THAT THE EVENING SHOW HASN'T STARTED YET!

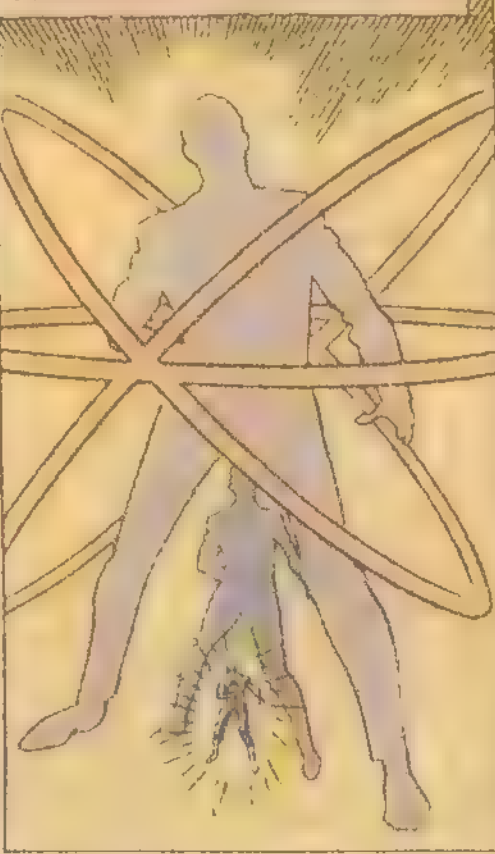


A QUICK STOP--A VAULT OUT OF THE CAR...

THERE'S TIME ENOUGH FOR ME TO CHECK THIS OUT AS THE ATOM--AND STILL GET TO THE MEETING BEFORE IT STARTS!



UNDER CONCEALMENT, HE TOUCHES THE SIZE-AND-WEIGHT CONTROL DEVICE OF HIS INVISIBLE--WHEN-EXPANDED UNIFORM--AND SHRINKS TO THE SIX-INCH SIZE OF THE WORLD'S SMALLEST SUPER-HERO...



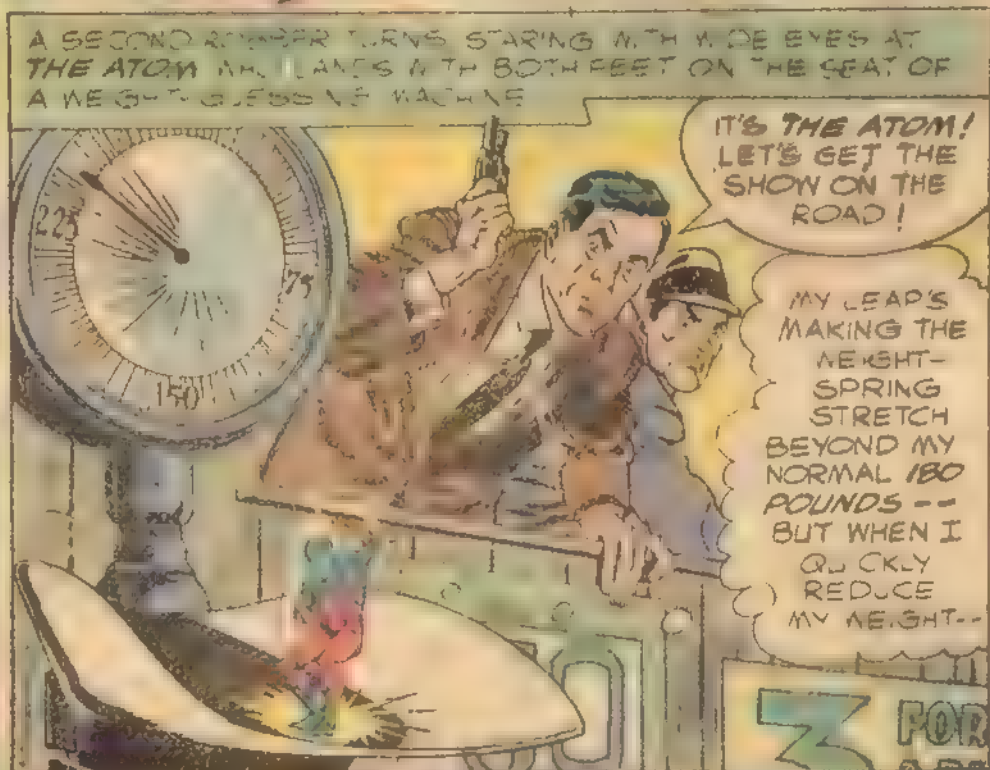
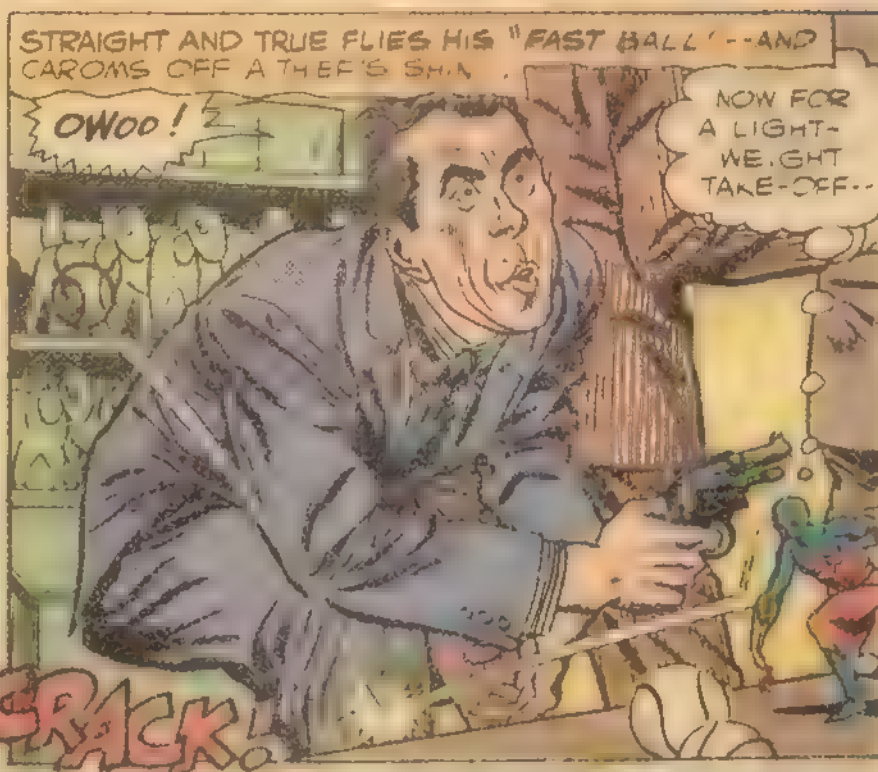
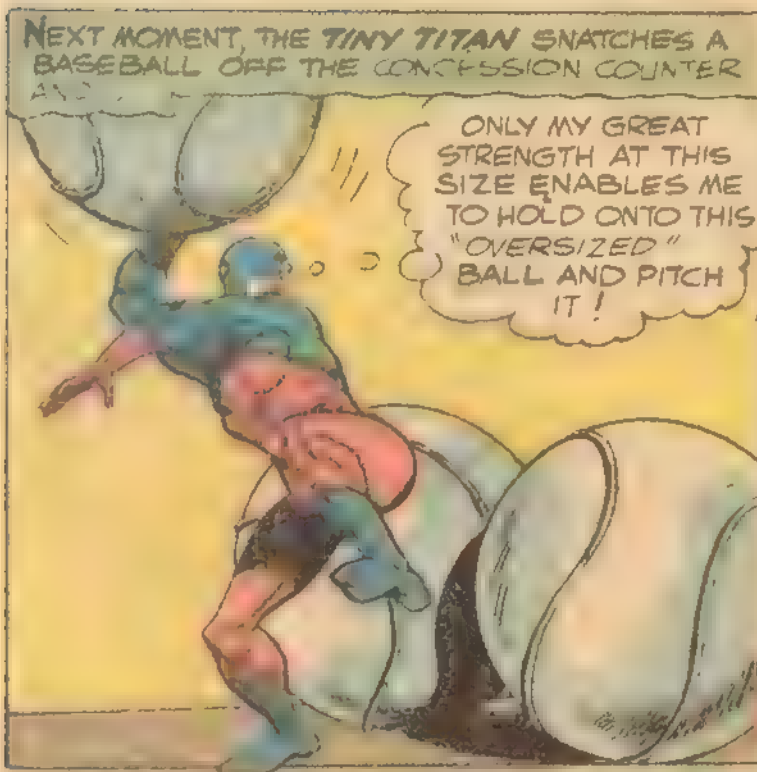
THEN HE RACES INTO THE ARCADE, WHERE...

THAT FIRST GUNSHOT WAS A WARNING! NOW HAND OVER THE CASH IN THAT BAG, OR WE'LL GIVE YOU THE CONVINER!



A HOLD-UP, SURE ENOUGH!

GIANT ACTION COMICS

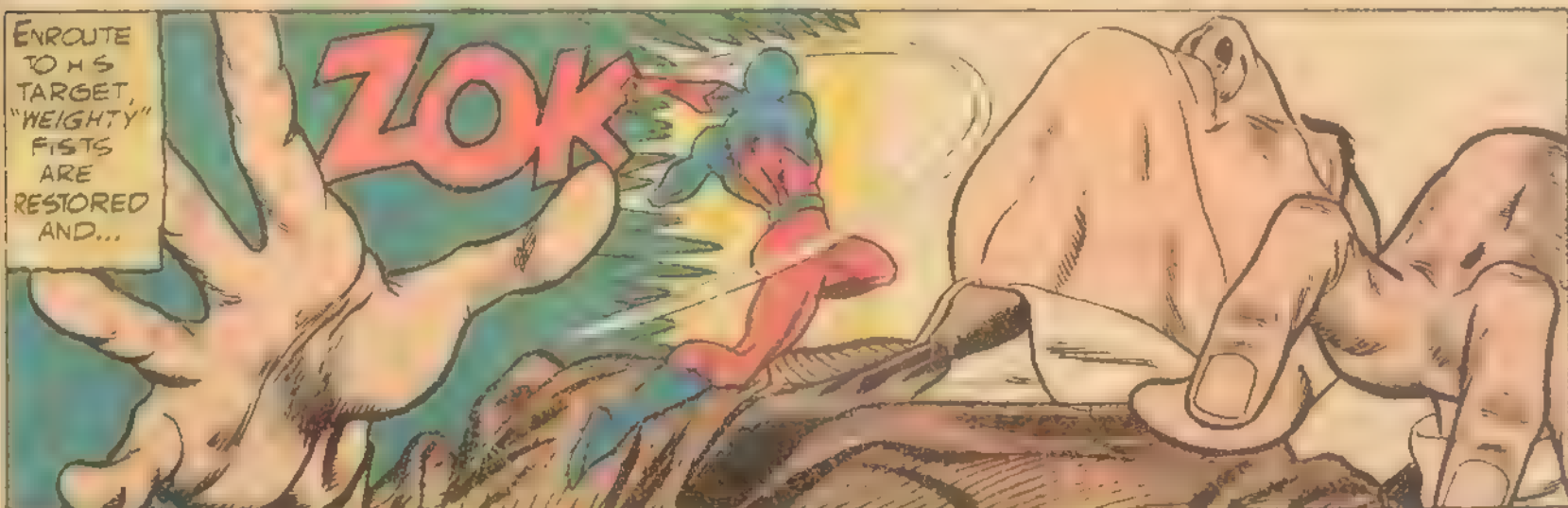




THE ATOM



ENROUTE
TO HIS
TARGET,
"WEIGHTY"
FISTS
ARE
RESTORED
AND...



MEANWHILE THE THIRD THIEF IS
FLEEING PAST A WAX MUSEUM
EXHIBIT IN THE ARCADE...

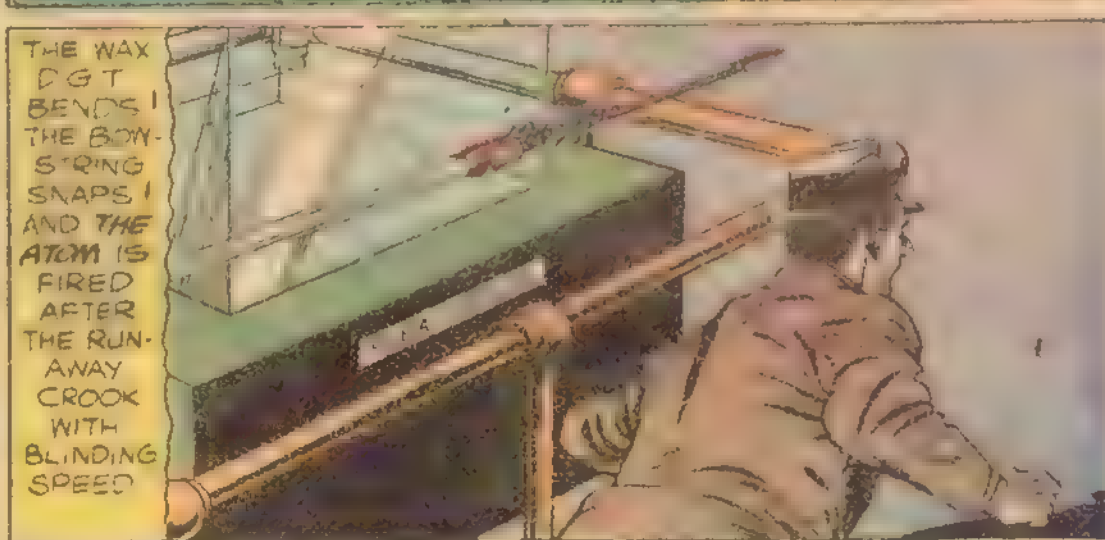


ONLY ONE
WAY TO
OVERTAKE
THAT
CROOK -
WITH AN
ASSIST
FROM
"ROBIN
HOOD"!

CRAWLING UPWARD ONTO THE BOWSTRING THE WORLD'S SMALLEST
SUPER-HERO GRIPS THE ARROW AND PUSHES AGAINST THE WAX
FINGERS WHICH HOLD IT...



THE WAX
FIGHT
BENDS!
THE BOW-
STRING
SNAPS!
AND THE
ATOM IS
FIRED
AFTER
THE RUN-
AWAY
CROOK
WITH
BLINDING
SPEED



DROPPING FROM THE ARROW,
HE THUDS WITH TREMENDOUS
FORCE ONTO THE HEAD OF
THE MOBSTER, ACCIDENTALLY
JARRING HIS SIZE-AND-
WEIGHT CONTROL DEVICE.

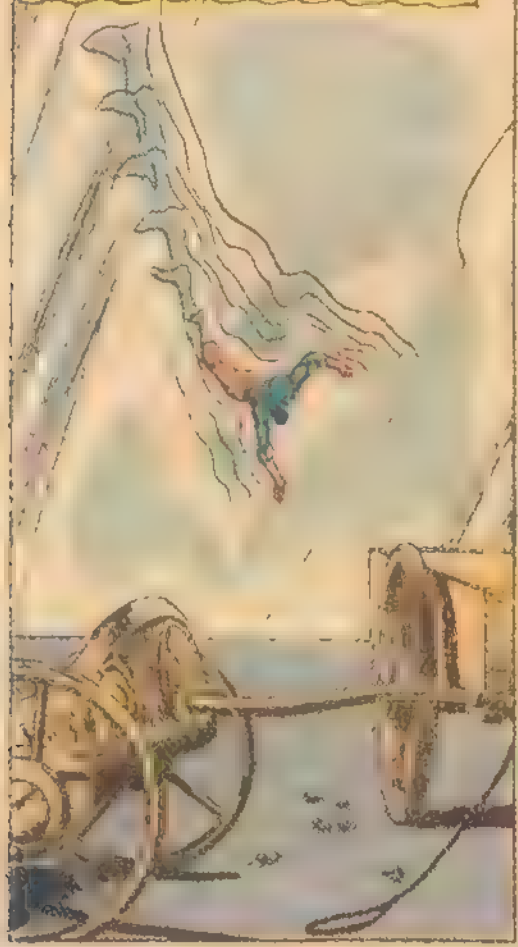


GIANT ACTION COMICS

HIMSELF DAZED BY THAT TERRIFIC IMPACT, **THE ATOM** STARTS SHRINKING AS HE FALLS TOWARD A STRANGE ARRAY OF OBJECTS...

THE CRASH--LANDING STOPS THE WORKING OF HIS SIZE-CONTROL DEVICE, LEAVING **THE ATOM** THE SIZE OF A FLEA! THEN AS TWO POLICE OFFICERS ENTER THE ARCADE...

AFTER THE CRIMINALS HAVE BEEN TAKEN AWAY **THE TINY TITAN** OPENS HIS EYES--WHILE A SPIRALING DIZZINESS CATCHES HIM UP IN ITS GRIP...

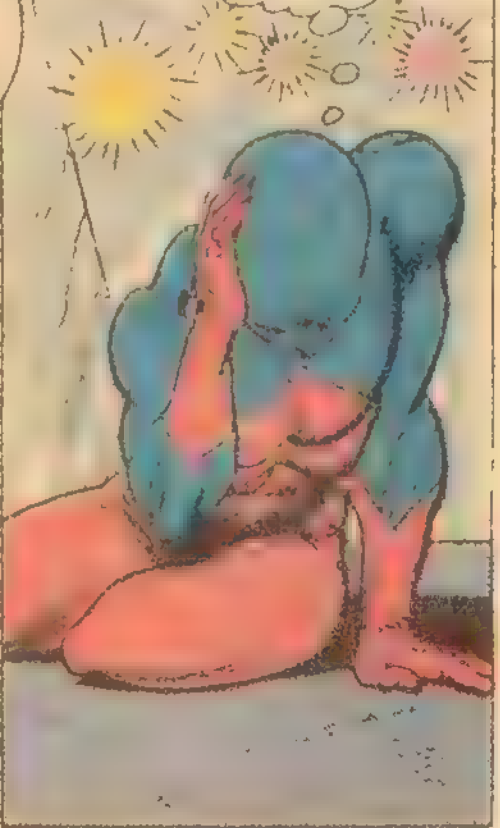


SOUNDED LIKE TROUBLE IN HERE AND--LOOK! IT'S **HIGHTOP HARRY** AND A COUPLE OF HIS PALS--KNOCKED OUT!

MUST HAVE BEEN QUITE A BRAWL! THE ARCADE MANAGER'S KNOCKED OUT TOO!



SOMETHING ODD...HAPPENING TO ME! WHERE AM I--WHO AM I?



AS THAT STRANGE DIZZINESS LESSENS, **THE ATOM** FINDS HIMSELF STARING AT...



I'M IN--A FLEA CIRCUS! THEN...I MUST BE A FLEA... TOO...



SHORTLY THE FLEA-MASTER MAKES HIS APPEARANCE...



THE ARCADE IS OPENING AND THE SHOW IS ABOUT TO BEGIN, MY SIX LITTLE--**COOPS!** I SEE **SEVEN FLEAS!** WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE NEW-COMER CAME FROM--BUT WELCOME TO THE FOLD!

AND SO, UNAWARE OF HIS TRUE IDENTITY, **THE ATOM** TOILS BESIDE THE TRAINED INSECTS...

I'LL HELP MY TEAM WIN THIS TUG-OF-WAR!





THE ATOM



NOT FAR AWAY, LADY LAWYER JEAN LORING, KNOCKS ON THE DOOR OF RAY'S LABORATORY AT IVY UNIVERSITY...

RAY PHONED ME THAT HE WAS WORKING LATE BUT PERHAPS WE CAN TALK HIM INTO JOINING US FOR A FUN-NIGHT AT THE AMUSEMENT ARCADE!

**KNOCK
KNOCK!!**

THE DOOR OPENS AND...

HI, HONEY! HI, MELISSA! SORRY, BUT I JUST CAN'T RUN OUT! I'VE GOT TO FINISH THIS JOB BEFORE MORNING!

OH, WELL-- NO HARM TRYING!

NOW HOLD ON! RAY PALMER IS THE ATOM-- AND WE JUST LEFT THE ATOM IN THE FLEA CIRCUS! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, ANYHOW?

SOON AFTER, JEAN AND HER GIRL FRIEND MELISSA VISIT THE PENNY ARCADE WHERE THE *TINY TITAN* IS LABORING AS A FLEA...

OH, AREN'T THEY CUTE! LOOK AT THAT FLEA PULLING THE TOY CHARIOT!

AS THE SHOW ENDS, THE ATOM WHIRLS AND STARES UPWARD AT THE GIRL HE LOVES...

LET'S GO SEE THE WAX MUSEUM NOW.

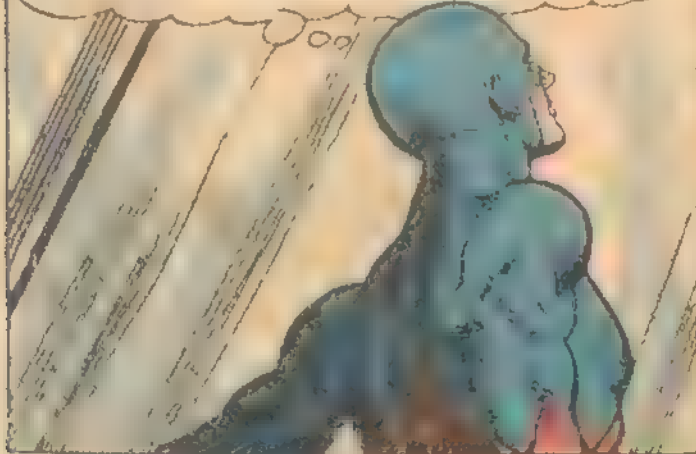
THAT FACE--AND VOICE-- BELONG TO JEAN LORING! IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME NOW--

I'M BEGINNING TO REMEMBER MORE THAN JUST WHO I AM! WHATEVER THAT SPIRALING DIZZINESS WAS THAT SWEEPED OVER ME--IT DULLED THE MEMORY CENTERS OF MY BRAIN--YET ALSO RELEASED A LITTLE OF MY SUBCONSCIOUS MEMORY, TOO!

THAT VOICE! WHERE HAVE I HEARD IT BEFORE?

GIANT ACTION COMICS

AS RAY PALMER, I'M SUPPOSED TO BE ON MY WAY TO A SCIENCE CONFERENCE--BUT UNLESS I'M GREATLY MISTAKEN, "RAY PALMER" IS INSIDE MY LABORATORY RIGHT NOW, TAKING PICTURES OF MY WORK ON **PROJECT SPACESHOT-N!**



WITH THE RELEASE OF HIS SUBCONSCIOUS MEMORY HE RECALLS THAT TWO NIGHTS BEFORE HE WAS BATHING HIMSELF IN PROTONIC RADIATION TO OFFSET THE CHRONAD RADIATION FROM WHICH HE HAD SUFFERED EARLIER IN THE WEEK--WHEN...



YOU'RE COMING WITH US, PALMER!

***EDITOR'S NOTE:** SEE THE STORY IN THIS ISSUE ENTITLED: "THE HOLE-IN-THE-WALL LAMMAN!"

YOU ARE UNDER OUR HYPNOTIC SPELL NOW, PALMER! TELL US ALL ABOUT YOUR WORK ON **PROJECT SPACESHOT-N!**

No!

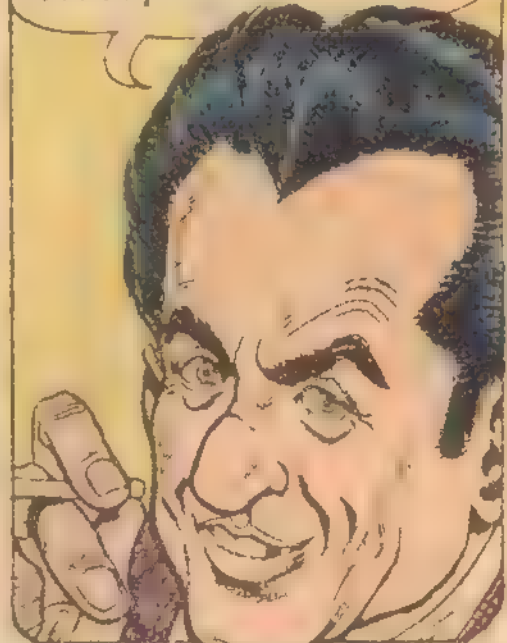


IS RAY PALMER'S RE-...

JUST AS PEOPLE UNDER HYPNOTISM CAN'T BE COMPELLED TO DO WHAT THEY WOULD NOT NORMALLY BE WILLING TO DO--WE CAN'T FORCE HIM TO SPEAK, BECAUSE OF HIS INNATE MORAL FIBRE! I ANTICIPATED THIS MIGHT HAPPEN! WE SHALL PROCEED WITH OUR ALTERNATE PLAN!



ONE OF OUR AGENTS HAS BEEN DETAILED TO STUDY **RAY PALMER** WELL ENOUGH TO MAKE HIMSELF UP TO LOOK LIKE HIM--AND "LIVE" HIS LIFE FOR A FEW HOURS! WHEN PALMER IS CALLED AWAY, WE'LL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THAT OPPORTUNITY TO SLIP YOUR "RAY PALMER" INTO HIS LABORATORY TO PHOTOGRAPH THE **SPACESHOT-N** DATA!



EVEN IF HE IS FOUND THERE, WHO BETTER THAN "RAY PALMER" HAS A RIGHT TO BE IN HIS OWN LABORATORY?



TO MAKE SURE THE REAL PALMER DOESN'T REMEMBER THIS, WE'LL USE THE HYPNOTIC DEVICE TO WIPE OUT ALL MEMORY OF THIS VISIT TO OUR HIDE-OUT! WHEN HE IS RETURNED TO HIS OWN LABORATORY, HE'LL THINK HE'S BEEN ASLEEP!



THE ATOM



CLAMBERING FROM THE FLEA CAGE AFTER RECALLING WHAT HAS HAPPENED, THE ATOM MAKES HIMSELF SO LIGHT THAT AN ERRANT PUFF OF WIND LIFTS AND CARRIES HIM TOWARD AN OPEN ARCADE WINDOW...

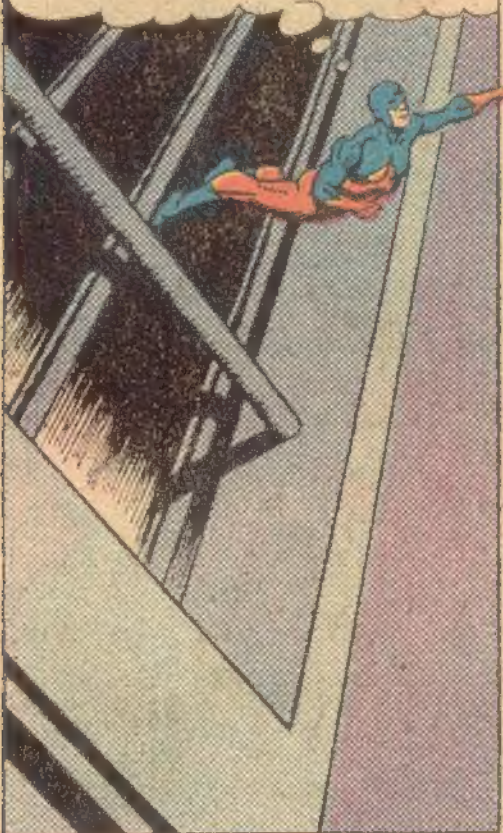
FLEA
CAGE



GOOD SHOW, MY SEVEN LITTLE-- ~~DOORS!~~ NOW THERE ARE ONLY **SIX** OF THEM AGAIN!



I COULD GO TO THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS HELD A PRISONER, BUT ON THE OFF-CHANCE THAT THE FOREIGN AGENTS HAVE MOVED THEIR HIDE-OUT, I'D BETTER GO RIGHT TO MY LABORATORY!



ANGLING HIS FLIGHT BY RAPID CHANGES OF HIS WEIGHT SO AS TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF EVERY BREEZE, HE IS SOON DROPPING TOWARD HIS LABORATORY...

MUCH AS I'D LIKE TO TANGLE WITH "RAY PALMER" HERE AND NOW, I'LL HAVE TO HOLD BACK TILL HE REJOINS THE REST OF THE FOREIGN AGENTS INVOLVED IN THIS CASE!



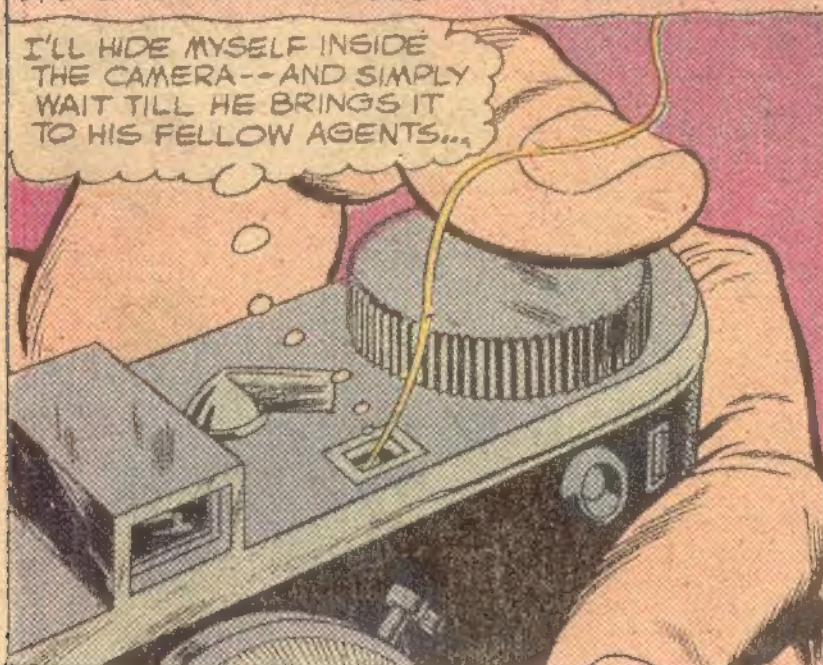
ENTERING THROUGH AN EXHAUST VENT, HE LEAPS TOWARD THE CAMERA HELD BY THE MAN WHO IS MASQUERADING AS "RAY PALMER"...

HE'S SO BUSY TAKING PICTURES, HE'LL NEVER NOTICE ME!



ALMOST MICROSCOPIC IN SIZE NOW, THE ATOM DROPS DOWN AND THROUGH THE CAMERA...

I'LL HIDE MYSELF INSIDE THE CAMERA--AND SIMPLY WAIT TILL HE BRINGS IT TO HIS FELLOW AGENTS...



HIS TASK ACCOMPLISHED, THE SPY IS SOON DRIVING THROUGH THE NIGHT TO HIS DESTINATION



GIANT ACTION COMICS

SHORTLY, AS EAGER HANDS OPEN THE CAMERA...

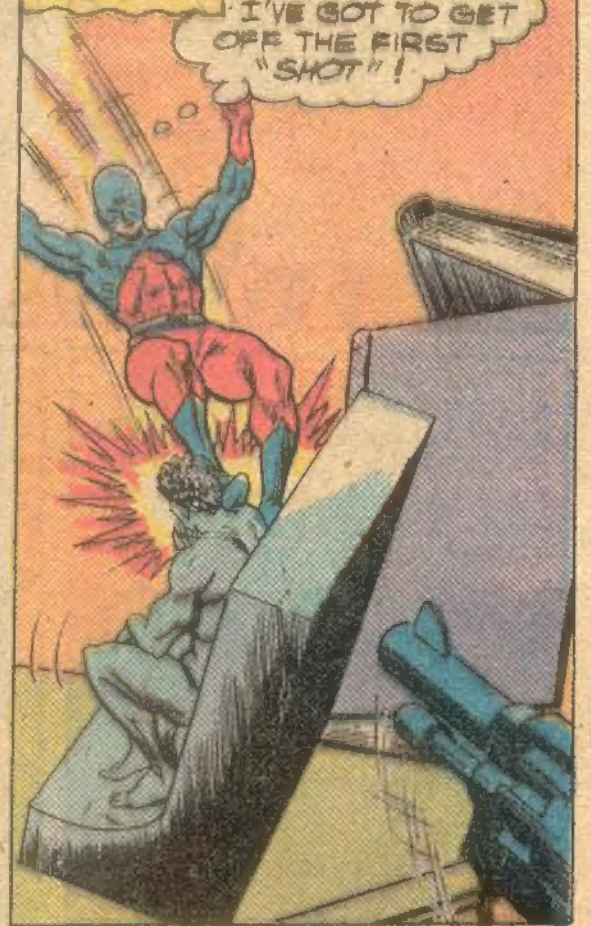
HIEEEEE!
SOME-
THING'S
SHOOTING
OUT OF THE
CAMERA!

IT'S--THE ATOM!
HOW DID HE
GET IN THERE?

HE'LL NEVER
GET THE
CHANCE TO
TELL US--
'CAUSE WE'LL
KILL HIM
FIRST!

THE TINY TITAN SMACKS A HEAVY
BOOK-END WITH ALL HIS 180
POUNDS...

I'VE GOT TO GET
OFF THE FIRST
"SHOT"!



AS THAT MISSILE FINDS ITS TARGET, THE TINY TITAN LEAPS
AWAY--EVEN AS TWO BULLETS FLY PAST HIM...

HIT
HIM!

BAM!
BAM!

THAT'S
WHAT
I'M TRYING
TO DO!
BUT HE
HOPS AROUND
LIKE A MEXICAN
JUMPING BEAN!

VIIIP!
VIIIP!





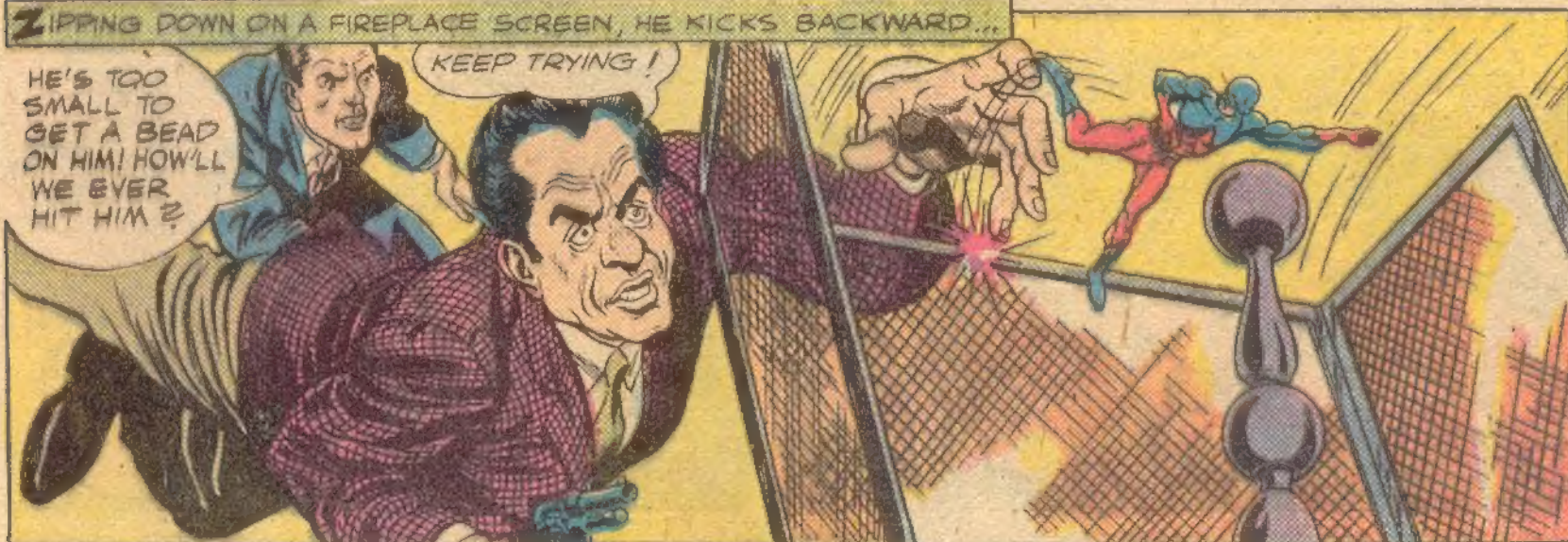
THE ATOM



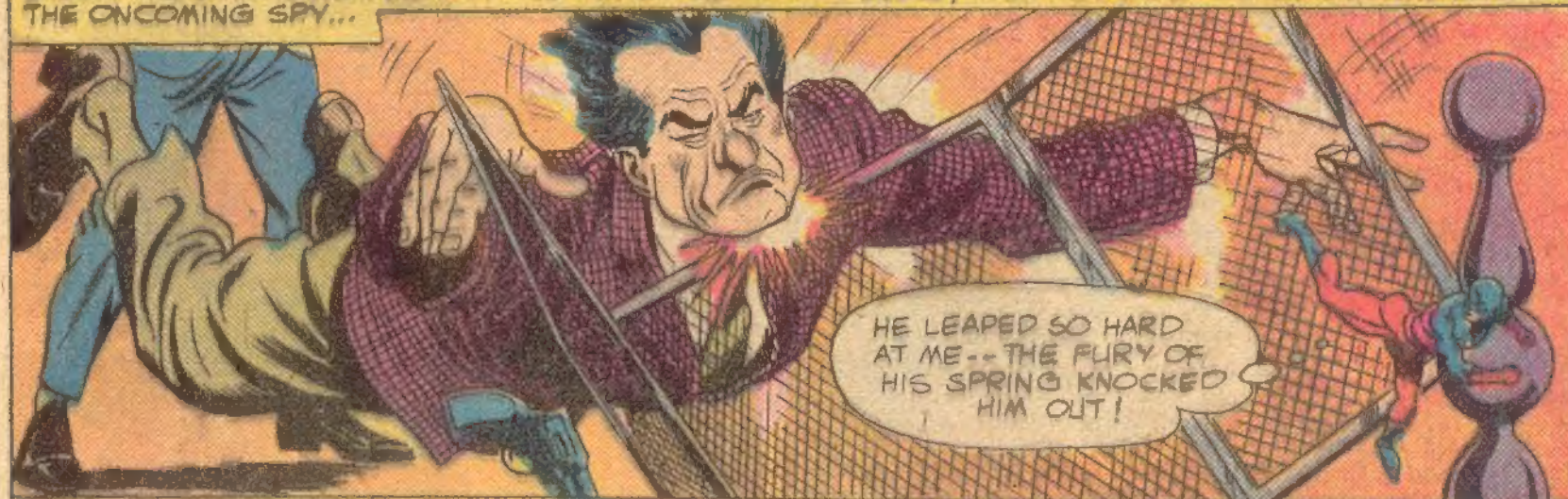
ZIPPING DOWN ON A FIREPLACE SCREEN, HE KICKS BACKWARD...

HE'S TOO SMALL TO GET A BEAD ON HIM! HOW'LL WE EVER HIT HIM?

KEEP TRYING!



UNDER THE BACKWARD PUSH OF HIS POWERFUL LITTLE LEGS, THE FIREPLACE-SCREEN SLAMS INTO THE ONCOMING SPY...



HE LEAPED SO HARD AT ME-- THE FURY OF HIS SPRING KNOCKED HIM OUT!

"RAY PALMER" SNATCHES UP THE CAMERA WITH ITS PRECIOUS FILM AND TURNS TOWARD THE DOOR-- AND FREEDOM...

I'LL TAKE THESE FILMS WITH ME-- AND MAKE CONTACT WITH ANOTHER BRANCH OF OUR SPY NETWORK!



BUT THE SIX-INCH ATOM IS ALREADY SPRINTING ACROSS THE FLOOR-- A FIRE POKER IN HIS HAND...

I ALMOST HATE TO DO THIS TO "MYSELF"-- BUT BETTER HIM THAN ME!



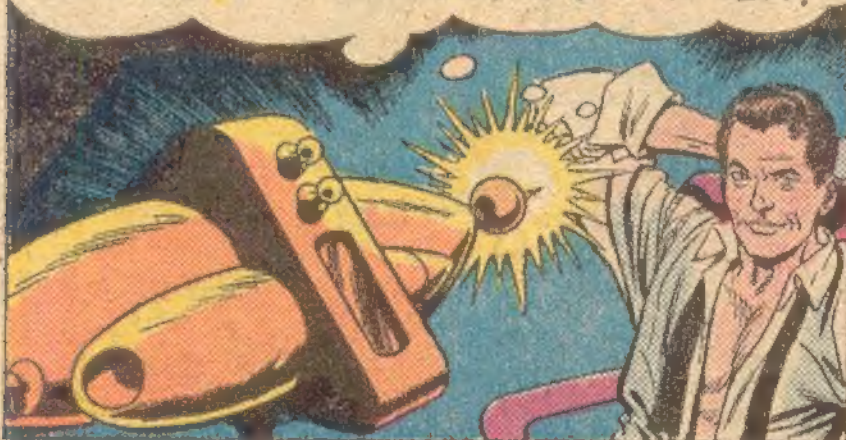
ON THE RUN, HE MAKES A JAVELIN-LIKE THROW...



BUMP!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, AFTER RETURNING FROM THE SCIENCE CONFERENCE, RAY PALMER BATHEES HIMSELF IN PROTONIC RADIATION...

IT'S CLEAR NOW THAT AN OVERDOSE OF PROTONIC RADIATION MADE ME DIZZY WHEN I LANDED IN THAT FLEA CIRCUS! IT NOT ONLY GAVE ME AMNESIA, BUT HAD THE PECULIAR SIDE-EFFECT OF MAKING ME THINK I WAS WHATEVER I FIRST SAW WHEN I EMERGED FROM THAT DIZZINESS--A FLEA!



MOREOVER, THE RADIATION CAUSED ME TO INFLUENCE OTHERS WHO SAW ME--SO THEY THOUGHT I WAS A FLEA, TOO! THE SIGHT OF JEAN'S FAMILIAR FACE RESTORED MY MEMORY! NOW THAT I'M BALANCING OFF THE PROTONIC RADIATION, I WON'T BE AFFECTED THAT WAY AGAIN...



THE FOREIGN AGENTS PROBABLY INTENDED TO BLOCK OUT ALL MEMORY OF MY ATTENDANCE AT THE SPACESHOT-N MEETING AND SUBSTITUTE THE IDEA THAT I WAS WORKING LATE IN MY OWN LABORATORY, AS THE FALSE RAY PALMER WAS, SO NO ONE WOULD EVER KNOW WHAT HAD REALLY HAPPENED!



NEXT EVENING, RAY TAKES JEAN AND MELISSA OUT TO DINNER...

YOU REALLY SHOULD HAVE JOINED US LAST NIGHT, RAY! THE FLEA CIRCUS ACT WAS MARVELOUS!

SHE'S TELLING ME! AFTER ALL, I WAS ONE OF THE FLEAS!



NEXT ISSUE ON SALE DURING THE LAST WEEK IN MAY





the Avenger...

HE DOESN'T FIGHT CRIME--
HE DESTROYS IT!

Justice inc.

JACK KIRBY and DENNY O'NEIL
COMBINE TO BRING YOU A
NEW KIND OF COMICS
GREATNESS--